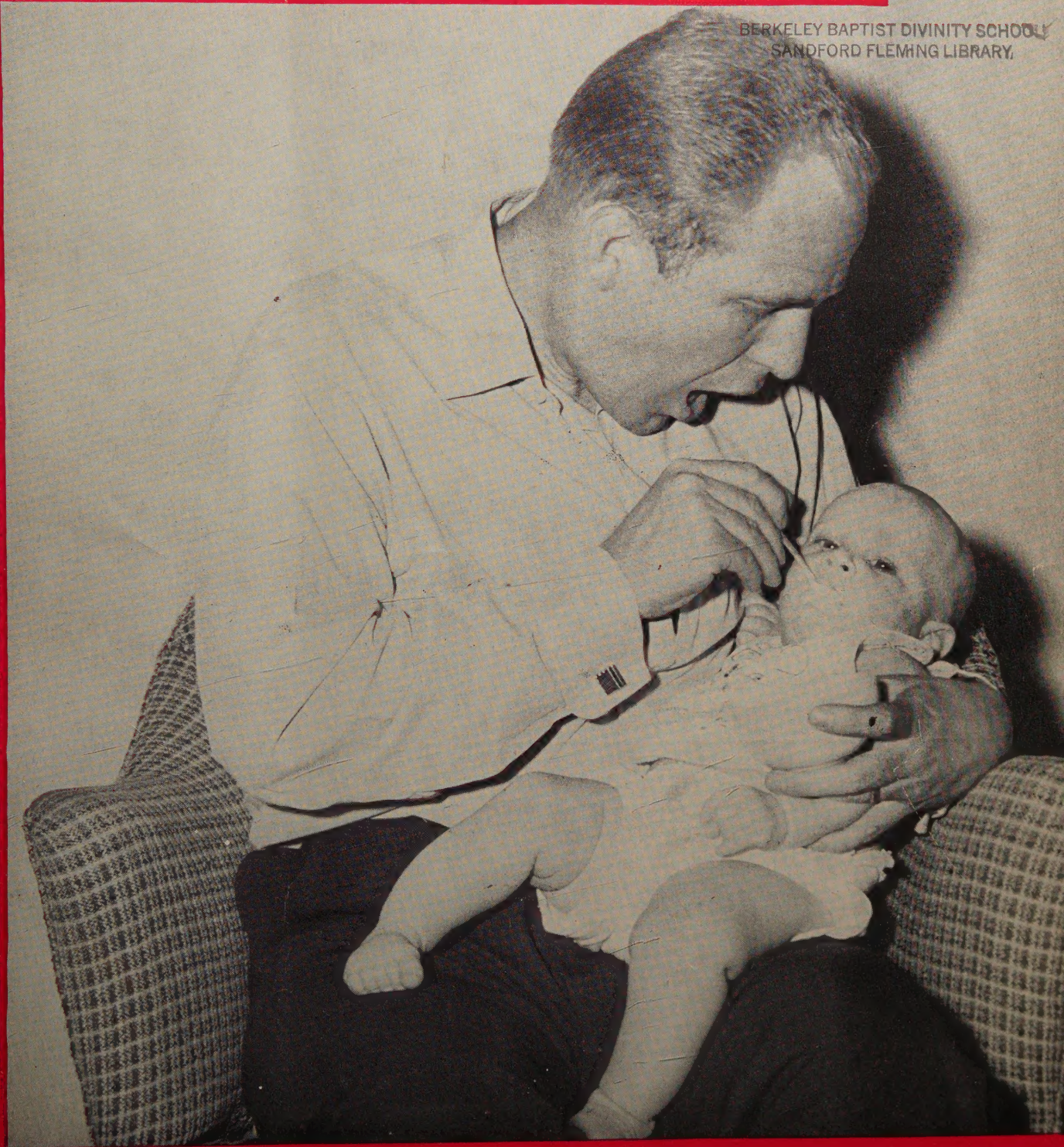


*The* *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
**Hearthstone**

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- **God's Humble Servant—P. T. Brockwell, Jr.**
- **Talk Your Christianity—W. E. Borne**

**FEBRUARY, 1956 — 25c**



# The *Hearthstone* Magazine for the Christian Home

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## Contents

### ARTICLES

|  |                      |    |
|--|----------------------|----|
| God's Humble Servant . . . . .   | P. T. Brockwell, Jr. | 2  |
| Talk Your Christianity . . . . .   | W. E. Borne          | 5  |
| Are They Only Obstacle Illusions? . . . . .  | Ruth M. Clow         | 6  |
| Still a Librarian . . . . .  | Nancy Brewer         | 12 |
| Living Creatively with TV . . . . .  | Jewell P. Hunter     | 14 |
| Teaching Children Worldmindedness<br>(Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups) . . . . . | Barbara Faiss        | 22 |
| How Safe Is Safe? . . . . .  | Ina S. Stovall       | 26 |

### FICTION

|  |                    |    |
|--|--------------------|----|
| The Interloper . . . . .                             | Jean R. Hoebel     | 8  |
| Story for Children<br>A Little Bit of Lace . . . . . | Janice A. McDonald | 18 |

### FEATURES

|   |                   |    |
|---|-------------------|----|
| The World at Your Front Door . . . . .        |                   | 1  |
| Jam Session . . . . .                         |                   | 16 |
| Worship in the Family with Children . . . . . |                   | 19 |
| Biblegram . . . . .                           | Hilda E. Allen    | 25 |
| Start a Picture Collection . . . . .          | Rosalie W. Doss   | 27 |
| Family Counselor . . . . .                    | Donald M. Maynard | 29 |
| Books for the Hearthside . . . . .            |                   | 31 |
| Over the Back Fence . . . . .                 |                   | 32 |

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Open Wide

Editor Carl Pitts, of the Christian Board, is trying to show baby daughter Janna Susan the Amy Vanderbilt way to eat Pablum; but Janna has eyes only for the camera man and his fascinating flashbulbs. Methinks that more nourishment is being retained on the chin and environs than on the inside. Mother Joanne, who is sitting across the room out of the camera's range, is trying to grin and bear it. There isn't much else you can do when Papa wants to be helpful.

**What's Here?** A linguistic error of her small niece caused Ruth Clow to wonder if people suffered from "obstacle illusions" when they declined the church's plea for a helping hand. "Are They Only Obstacle Illusions?" should cause people who try to be good Christians to evaluate their own attitudes about serving the church.

People who think that this planet contains only crooks, thieves, maniacs, charlatans, forgers, and other disreputable individuals will have their faith in humanity renewed after reading "God's Humble Servant," by P. T. Brockwell, Jr. Rev. R. H. Diek is a sincere, unselfish Christian gentleman who renders inestimable service to his fellow-man.

That box of coughdrops in the medicine cabinet and your bottle of fingernail polish on the bedroom dresser are safe—until they reach the hands of your small children. Then they cease to be innocuous. "How Safe Is Safe?" by Ina S. Stovall, is an article which parents of babies and young children will want to read.

The antics of the little boy and girl in "Jam Session," our picture feature for this month, will delight you. To many it will bring back fond memories.

Children often ask questions about people of different races and nationalities whom they see on the street; and such interest provides excellent opportunities for you to inculcate brotherly love in your children. "Teaching Children Worldmindedness," by Barbara Faiss, is our study article for February.

A teen-age boy, a stepmother, and a boatride add up to make our fiction for this month, "The Interloper," by Jean R. Hoebel. We're sure that you'll like it.

The kiddies will like "A Little Bit of Lace," by Janice A. McDonald.

**What's Coming?** Titles to look for are "Even the Youngest Belongs," by Elizabeth F. Tibbals; "Don't Teach Them to Lie," by Florence W. Rowland; "The Family Budgets Its Time," by Jean Louise Smith, and many others—naturally.

See you next month.

S. W.



# THE WORLD

## ● CWS 1955 Surplus Food Shipments

New York—Church World Service, relief agency of the National Council of Churches, distributed nearly 142,000,000 pounds of government surplus foods to needy people overseas in 1955.

The total value of the shipments was around \$50,000,000, the director, R. Norris Wilson, reported. The cost to CWS of carrying out this "Share Our Surplus" program was about \$1,000,000—the food itself being supplied by the American government without charge. This handling charge was paid from funds provided by Protestant and Eastern Orthodox churches and community contributions made in response to the annual "Share Our Surplus" appeal.

The food sent during 1955 would—if loaded in freight cars—make a train more than forty miles long.

## ● Move for Tighter Divorce Laws

Capetown, S. Africa—A resolution calling upon church bodies in South Africa to join in petitioning the government to tighten present divorce laws was adopted by the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of South Africa.

Among the provisions the Presbyterians seek to have written into the laws are the following:

That no divorce be permitted until a marriage has lasted at least two years.

That a desertion be for a period of two years before it becomes grounds for divorce.

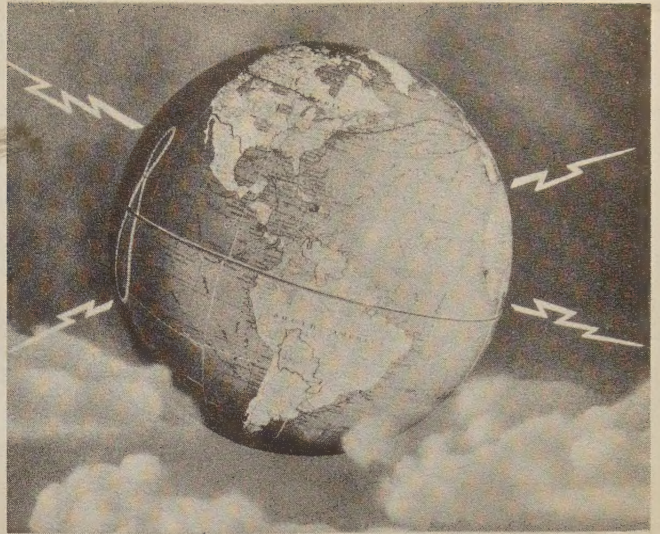
That a divorced man be refused the right to remarry until he has made adequate provision for his divorced wife and their children.

That any divorced man who fails to meet obligations to his previous family be liable to imprisonment.

The Rev. E. B. Hawkrigde, who introduced the resolution, charged that "we have evolved a kind of serialized polygamy here in South Africa. The changing of wives and husbands has become almost as accepted as changing books at a library."

Citing statistics showing that the divorce rate in Johannesburg is one-in-four, he said that "in a land where divorce is

*H. Armstrong Roberts*



*H. Armstrong Roberts*

so casual its possibilities corrupt the whole conception of marriage. Married people can quarrel today, part tomorrow, get a divorce within two months, and remarry on the day the divorce is granted. The church should do much more work before wedding two persons to ensure that the marriage will be lasting."

## ● UN Provides Religious Services in Prison Code

Geneva, Switzerland—A requirement that spiritual counseling and religious services be provided to inmates of penal institutions is included in a "prisoners' charter" adopted unanimously by the first United Nations Congress on the Prevention of Crime and Treatment of Offenders.

The code of 95 standard minimum rules for the treatment of prisoners also covers such matters as accommodations, food, health, clothing, contacts with the outside world, discipline, and general principles for fitting prisoners to re-enter society. The rules should be applied "without discrimination on grounds of race, color, sex, language, religion, politics, national origin, property, birth, or other status." The rules to ensure meeting spiritual needs are:

1. If the institution contains a sufficient number of prisoners of the same religion, a qualified representative of that religion shall be appointed.

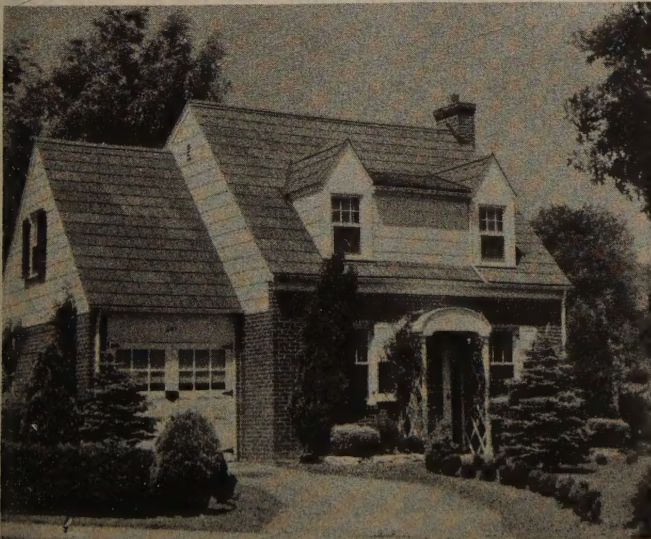
2. When the number of prisoners justifies it, a full-time representative shall be appointed.

3. A representative appointed or approved shall be allowed to hold regular services and to pay pastoral visits in private to prisoners of his religion at proper times.

4. Access to a representative of any religion shall not be refused to any prisoner.

5. If any prisoner should object to a visit from any representative, his attitude shall be fully respected.

6. So far as practicable, every prisoner shall be allowed to satisfy the needs of his religious life by attending services provided in the institution and having in his possession the books of religious observance and instruction of his denomination.



# AT YOUR FRONT DOOR



*The members of Emmanuel Baptist Church in Chester, Pennsylvania, knew that great changes were going to be made when Rev. R. H. Dick became their pastor. Here is a man who is truly—*

GOD'S

HUMBLE

SERVANT



A CLUSTER of eight-to-ten-year-old children huddled affectionately around the middle-aged Reverend R. H. Dick, who was seated on a front row pew in the partially lighted church reading a play. Two little girls snuggled up on either side of him; two boys sat cross-legged on the floor; a third boy stood facing Mr. Dick, leaning against his crossed knees. This attentive little flock of blonds and brunettes and one redhead in their multi-colored clothes was not unlike a patch of wild flowers nestled about a stalwart tree.

It was love at first sight.

What else, indeed? For I found Mr. Dick in that delightful setting when I arrived somewhat early for choir rehearsal on a Thursday evening in November, 1945—scarcely one month after he had begun his pastorate here in Emmanuel Baptist Church, Chester, Pennsylvania. Nor was this the first time I had seen him surrounded by children. What mysterious magnetism drew them together so quickly?

Even more incredible, I reflected while sitting unnoticed in the semi-darkness at the rear of the auditorium, Mr. Dick had mentioned previously a fantastic idea of his to establish a children's camp the next summer, proposing an unbelievably low enrollment fee—and at no expense to the church.

Soon, the normal confusion of children gathering their belongings signaled the end of their session with

Mr. Dick; then after the little ones had spoken their lusty farewells, I moved down to the front to chat with him during the few minutes remaining before choir rehearsal. He extended his hand cordially as we exchanged greetings.

"'A man is known by the company he keeps,' " I quoted, still mellow from what I had just seen.

"Thank you!" he said gaily. Then darting his eyes here and there in pretended secrecy, he whispered, "But I hope you didn't see me an hour ago. I took a man out to dinner who said he was—to quote his exact words—'just a tramp.' "

"Well, now," I managed to say after that, "if you dined with a tramp tonight, why not lunch with me tomorrow? I'd like to hear more about your camp plans."

"How about Monday?" he suggested. "I do need to talk with someone concerning camp," he added gravely, "but tomorrow and Saturday I have appointments around the noon hour."

"Monday it is," I agreed. "Aren't things working out as you had expected?"

"No," he replied. "Finding a free camp site isn't easy. But when I do, I can set up a camp for our children for approximately eight dollars weekly per camper. Almost any child could afford to go at that price."





P. T. Brockwell, Jr.

Mr. Dick and church school members seated around the fire at Camp Venture, Newtown Square, Pennsylvania. Mr. Dick secured the camp grounds for use of his church at no cost after everyone else thought that a camping program would need to be abandoned.

—by P. T. Brockwell, Jr.

Where, I wondered, would he ever find a *free* camp site?

Noting other choir members coming in, Mr. Dick glanced at his watch. "It's eight o'clock—and I have four hospitals visits to make tonight! Perhaps by Monday I'll have something encouraging to report on camp. Now, if you'll excuse me—"

After choir rehearsal I called Mrs. Dick aside. "Your husband is a busy man," I said. "I invited him to have lunch with me tomorrow so that we could talk, but he has appointments both tomorrow and Saturday at noon. I thought he *had* to eat."

"Did he accept—for Monday?" she asked.

"Yes, 12:00 o'clock. . . ."

"He may run out on you before dessert," she chuckled. "He is taking Miss Young to a Philadelphia eye hospital at 1:30."

"What's he doing Friday—instead of eating?"

"He takes the Gibbs baby to the clinic Tuesdays and Fridays at 11:30."

"The Gibbs baby?" I asked, puzzled.

"Yes, the youngest boy—he has a clubfoot. The

family has no car, you know," she explained.

I swallowed hard. "And Saturday?"

"He's been asked to mediate in a marital dispute."

"And he may save a home—and a heart—from breaking," I said, half to myself. "But when does he study?"

"Often after the family has gone to bed. When the children were small, that was the only time it was quiet."

I went home with a strange assurance that under our new minister's leadership would come a turning point in the history of Emmanuel Church.

One Monday over lunch I heard Mr. Dick's unanimous plans in detail.

"Camp," he declared, "is first. But we cannot stop there. We must reopen the vacation Bible school, reorganize the Boy Scouts and junior choir, and fix up a nursery."

Wonderful, I thought, but whence the money? Although a staggering deficit incurred during the depression had been liquidated, overcaution hovered as a forbidding fog. For example: the *total* budget



adopted in April, 1945, was little more than \$5,000. Needless to say, Mr. Dick accepted the call for a token salary, but in spite of this, it was quite plain that he had taken the people of Emmanuel Church into his heart.

"What's new on camp?" I asked.

"Nothing yet. Since I talked with you Thursday evening, I've been up more blind alleys than you can imagine. Some of the people I have asked even laugh at me. Still, there is no money to buy the ground and equip a camp!" He paused, then continued. "Last year, I've been told, only two of our older youth could afford to attend the one camp near by. I have got to find a free camp site!"

The waitress served our dessert. Mr. Dick ate one mouthful of his apple pie and while chewing on the second must have seen the clock on the wall. "I didn't realize how the time was slipping by!" he exclaimed. "I'm due in Philadelphia in forty-five minutes. You won't think me rude if I leave you . . . with your dessert?"

As spring approached, Mr. Dick continued with increasing fervor his search for a camp site—free if possible, but now for a nominal fee if not. Though he investigated every lead, never did he slight any other phase of his work.

He strove to re-enlist the inactive folk of our fellowship and conducted instruction classes for prospective new members. He was especially loyal to the sick and aged, visiting them regularly; when such visits took him to hospitals, he ministered to unchurched patients in the same ward. He comforted and consoled the bereaved.

He provided material aid for the destitute, some from the fellowship fund of the church, but also much from his own purse. He sought special treatment through child welfare agencies for retarded children. He pleaded with school authorities to give young people threatened with expulsion a second chance. He helped the unemployed find jobs. Through his prison chaplaincy, Mr. Dick ministered in like manner to parolees, prisoners, and their distraught families. He spent himself day and night and—with all of this—averaged 900 pastoral calls yearly.

Obviously, such unselfish and practical service to

the community enhanced Mr. Dick's preaching, intensifying the ring of sincerity and truth. A powerful influence for good was being wielded, yet it was by no means limited to the denomination or to the area of Emmanuel Church. For instance:

Dr. Nathan V. Plafker, Director of Adult Education, Ohev Sholom Synagogue Center, Chester, Pa., said: "For a description of Rev. R. H. Dick, read Isaiah 6:8—'Whom shall I send?' Mr. Dick is that man!"

And Dr. Martin B. Sejda, Chester physician and devout Catholic layman, said: "On first meeting Mr. Dick, I was immediately aware of his inherent goodness."

About the middle of May my fears mounted. "Is our energetic pastor headed toward a heartbreaking disappointment?" I asked myself. I knew what the camp meant to him, and time was running out.

One of his leads, however, took him to a Philadelphia church which owned a fully equipped camp ten miles from Chester. The former camp leader, a student minister, had accepted a distant pastorate, thereby leaving the camp without a director at the beginning of the season. Mr. Dick not only got the position and the privilege of bringing the children of Emmanuel to the camp along with the others, but also—by a peculiar agreement—was granted control over enrollment fees and expenses for his own group.

It is not generally known that Mr. Dick gave his entire month's vacation to serve as camp director in order to secure this unusual arrangement. So in July, 1946, Emmanuel Church had the first camp in its forty-seven-year history, with thirty-eight children attending. Mr. Dick enrolled Emmanuel children for only \$6.00 a week!

The next year, 1947, Emmanuel's first nursery was dedicated. This was followed in rapid succession by reorganization of long inactive departments. The Boy Scouts' troop, disbanded in 1924, was reorganized by Mr. Dick in 1948. The vacation Bible school, closed in 1937, was reopened by him also in 1948. Though several attempts had been made to reorganize the junior choir, abandoned in 1924, all had been short-lived until January, 1949, at which time the present junior choir was formed.

Then in 1950, the first two boys from Emmanuel Church to enter the ministry, enrolled in theological seminaries. Both were ordained in 1953; a third young man is now in training.

Financial progress, too, has kept pace with other improvements. Although Mr. Dick's sermon subjects never include money, a steady increase in giving is evidenced by the budget adopted in April, 1954, which is more than double that of 1945. Support of missions has increased 250 per cent over the same period!

Mr. Dick has taught me many things, but one of the most rewarding is that we grownups can learn much from children. On this premise, therefore—and conscious of my need for a fresh approach to use in church school teaching—I recently visited friends who have a nine-year-old daughter to get her un-

(Continued on page 30.)

## Small Wedding

Little Suzy was describing a play wedding. "We had one pretty bridesmaid, a maid of honor, and of course, our lovely bride."

"But how about the groom?" she was asked.

"Oh," she commented, "We didn't have a groom—this was just a small wedding."

—Frances Brown



# TALK

## Your Christianity

***"To talk about things of importance is natural. To be self-gagged into silence on spiritual subjects is unnatural."***

UNK was old when I knew him, but he was young in spiritual zest; and he made me feel the thrill of his own experience with God.

An evangelist came to our town just after completing an African tour. He had leopard skins, spears, and native headdresses—adventuresome things that quicken a boy's pulse. I was sick in bed. But I saw them. I saw them through Unk's descriptions.

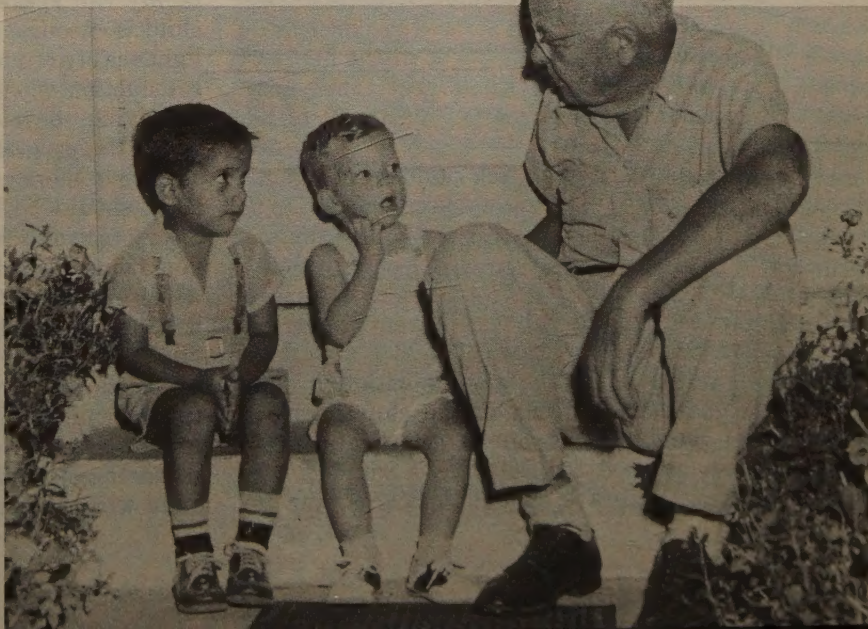
His accounts were alive with drama. He talked eagerly—about adventure, or about religion. Unk was a stranger to embarrassment in talking of spiritual things. The everyday words and enthusiasms such as went into his ball playing went also into his religious experience. His faith was the kind that could not be contained. God had really done something for him the day he was converted, and he was determined to do something for God.

A Civil War orphan, Unk never saw his father. Kept in an orphanage until he was 15 years of age, he left it to work in a livery stable where he grew rough, tough, and sharp. His world was barren of the decencies that we take for granted; he knew nothing of God.

Years later, he lay in a West Coast hospital and was thought to be dying. A visiting minister told him about Christ, and Unk believed, but those around him were skeptical. The doctors thought he would die, and they had little faith in his deathbed conversion. But Unk fooled them. He lived, and

When Unk "talked religion," his young listeners felt that it was vital and important.

photo by erb



By W. E. Borne

*Pastor, First Baptist Church,  
Bluffton, Indiana*

his later life proved that his conversion had been real. It transformed his whole life. When I knew him, years later, he was a transforming force in the lives of others, everyone he knew, in fact.

It is clear that Unk really knew Christ. It is significant that he talked about him so meaningfully. No man really knows a subject until he is able to express what he believes about it in his own words. The person who cannot say what and why he believes in Christ does not really believe much of anything definite. Real Christians must be able to nail down the facts of their faith in words that are intellectually satisfying. They need to talk Christianity, in their homes, and elsewhere.

Our grandparents sometimes classified the population of America in three groups: men, women, and Beechers. The thirteen

*(Continued on page 28)*



# Are They Only



## Obstacle Illusions?

By Ruth M. Clow

"Is that a boat on the lake?" asked our eleven-year-old niece. "Or is it only an obstacle illusion?" We adults, knowing she had meant to say "optical illusion," exchanged amused glances, but her words stuck in my memory. Now, when I am asked to do some worth-while service and find myself about to make an excuse for not doing it, I try to answer this question: "Does something really stand in the way of my performing this task, or is it only an 'obstacle' illusion?"

God has been very generous in his gifts to us; we should not be miserly about sharing these gifts with others. We must not let imaginary obstacles stand in our way and keep us from being good stewards of all that the Master has entrusted to our care.

God has given to each of us a lifetime in which to live. It may be long, it may be short—none of us knows how long or how short. Some of that time should be spent in doing God's work.

"I'd like to spend more time doing church work," we hear some people say, "but I have so much to do that I can't seem to manage it." One of the happiest women I know is a mother with a large family who finds time to teach in the primary department of her church school.

"The children are all in church Sunday morning," she says, "So I have nothing to keep me at home then." Contrast her words with those of a woman with only one child who says, "Oh, I can't teach a class! We'd never have Sunday dinner on time if I didn't prepare everything before I went to church. I just can't get to church school."

I happen to know that the mother with the large family, who manages to teach in the church school, prepares the Sunday roast on Saturday afternoon. "It tastes just as good for Saturday's supper," she says, "and there's always enough to warm over for

next day's dinner." This woman does not suffer from "obstacle" illusions. She can recognize the difference between a real and an imaginary obstruction.

Parents, especially, have a great responsibility in determining how they spend their time. Every parent should keep an accurate record of the way in which he spends his time for a whole week. It would be interesting to see exactly what portion of time was spent doing God's work. Children develop many of their attitudes as a result of their home experiences. When they see Mother and Father devoting a fair share of their time to God's work, then they, too, will be helped to see that they have a responsibility to the church. On the other hand, children who see nothing but selfishness in the home may grow up ignorant of their church obligations.

Have you ever heard anyone say, "The children want to have their own church envelopes, but we can't afford to let them just now"? Almost any family can spare a small amount each week. If the child is encouraged to earn the amount by doing some light tasks around the home, it will add to his sense of satisfaction when he gives it to the church. A habit of giving, developed in childhood, usually will be carried over into adulthood.

Giving money to the church is important, but a child should be helped to understand why he gives. Every church school teacher knows that children give much more cheerfully when they know the purpose for which the money is to be used. "Perhaps your money will help to build a church in some far-off African village," we may say as a child drops his money into his envelope. Or, "The money we put in the offering this morning is to be used to buy a new rug for the church nursery." Unless we help a child to understand these things, he may feel like little Janie who cried when her father suggested she put her birthday



money in the bank. "But the man at the bank just hides it," she protested. "Then it doesn't do anybody any good." We do not want our children to think that the money they give to the church is simply hidden away and more money collected the next week.

My Aunt Martha tried to teach my cousins that it was a privilege to share what they had. "I was brought up on the theory that it was my duty to give to the heathen and the poor," she used to say. "I want my sons and daughters to know that it is a joy to share what they have with others." I think she must have been successful. Last winter when I was a visitor in the house of one of Aunt Martha's daughters, I heard that daughter say, "God has been good to us this week. Let's put a little extra in our church envelope."

"God loveth a cheerful giver." A child who hears his parents complain that "the church is always begging for money," will grow up in the belief that the money, if it was given, was given grudgingly. Parents have a great responsibility here. There are times when family finances may be lower than usual. The inclination is to say, "We can't spare anything for the church." Except in cases of real poverty, this is only an "obstacle" illusion. It would be better to say, "We can spare only a few pennies this week, but those few coins may help someone who has less than we have."

Some of us find it easy to tithe our time and our money, but we balk when we are asked to tithe our talent. "Oh, I couldn't sing the solo next Sunday," we tell the choir director. "I've never done it." What must God think of us when we refuse to share the talents he gave us? Do I hear your voice saying, "Oh, but I have no talents!"? Those who think God gave them no talents are suffering from "obstacle" illusions.

Let us see what talents God has need of. We think of the obvious one—a talent for teaching, preaching, healing, or playing a musical instrument. Has God need of no other skills? How about a talent for being friendly? People so often complain that "the church people are unfriendly." If you enjoy talking to others, you can help to make strangers feel welcome in your own church. Believe me, this is as important as a talent for singing.

Do you have a soft, interesting reading voice? Then you have a talent God will appreciate having you use. Ask your pastor for a list of shut-ins, children, or elderly people, who would be cheered if you were to spend a few minutes each week reading to them. The days can be long and lonely to those who seldom see new faces or hear the sound of an unfamiliar voice.

We are very proud of the newest movement in our church. A group of adults who belong to a married couples' class in our church school became aware of the fact that our pastor is not able to visit all of those shut-ins who have some connections with his church even though they are not members. Last week fourteen men and women met at the parsonage to discover ways in which they could help the pastor with his heavy load of pastoral calls.

No minister ever was more delighted. He gladly furnished the group with a list of names of shut-ins who are not members of our church, but who have some connection with it. Some have affiliations with churches in other communities, but attend our services; some are related by birth or marriage to a member of our church; some belong to no church. All were either aged, ill, or shut-in.

Each couple took the responsibility of calling on four of the people on the list within the next month. Before they call, they will telephone and find what time and date will be most convenient to the shut-in's family. Anyone who has the care of an invalid or an aged person will appreciate these calls. The visit will be much happier if the person to be visited has had an opportunity to prepare himself for callers. Then, too, the callers will not arrive at inopportune moments, or while the shut-in is receiving treatment or resting.

The visitors do not go empty handed. With them they take a small booklet which contains short, cheering Bible verses. The booklets are inexpensive, but they offer tangible evidence of the call. From this small beginning, the group hopes to build something worth while. They realize their plan may have many flaws. Until these flaws have been detected and remedied, they will hold monthly meetings to discuss what has been done and what can be done. These Christian couples are not suffering from "obstacle" illusions. They are willing to use their talent for friendship to serve others.

It is easy to find excuses for hoarding our time, money, and talents. The church is less demanding than our government. It does not insist that we hand over a certain amount of what we have to God. God puts us on our honor. We decide how much we shall return to him as an offering of thanksgiving. Are you giving God a fair share of the time he gave you? Are your talents and money bright and shining from constant use, or do you bury them and allow them to grow rusty from disuse? Are you suffering from "obstacle" illusions?



These three people, serving food to hungry parishioners, have no obstacle illusions when there is work to be done for the church.

RNS





His father sat down on top of the bank. "I'm going to relax. You want to take Helen for a boat ride, Paul?"

By  
Jean R. Hoebel

**J**UST as the clock boomed one, Paul Manson heard the car on the gravel. He jumped up and thrust his book into the bookcase. Squaring his sixteen-year-old shoulders, he tried to loosen up his stiff face, even though Betty, his new girl friend across town, had said he shouldn't.

"Don't give in to them," she had said. "What's Helen? A stepmother. If you start giving in to her, you'll soon be nothing. Just remember that!"

He couldn't forget it, because Betty was a sharp cookie, in all departments. But the trouble was, she didn't think of her folks the way Paul thought of Dad.

He glanced anxiously around the living room again. The place



Illustration  
by  
Virginia MacDonald

# THE INTERLOPER



looked pretty good, even with the merciless July sun pouring in the bay window. He and Mrs. Grady, the part-time helper that came mornings, had really put on the steam this morning.

He stood, stiffly waiting, listening to their footsteps echoing on the porch. The screen door slammed. His father hurried in, his biggest grin spread across his face. Helen hesitated at the doorway. His father turned quickly and swept back to her. Pulling her in, he tried to get his arm around Paul and her at the same time.

"Good thing you're a little peanut, Helen. He's grown even in this one week, hasn't he?"

Helen nodded, smiling uncertainly, fluffing up her short dark curls with nervous fingers. Paul shuffled his feet and forced a half-grin.

Dad looked from one to the other, slowly. Finally he said, "Shall I get the bags?" He dug

at the worried spot between his eyes. "And then we'll have some lunch, Paul."

"O. K.," Paul said. "I made sandwiches. But I ate. Yours and . . . hers are in the refrigerator. I'll set the table."

His father glanced at him sharply. "No. Let's have Helen set the table. That's her place now. You help me with the bags."

Paul felt the color rising in his face. "But, Dad, I know where everything is. I always. . ."

His dad put a hand on his shoulder. "Sure, you have. You've done well since Mother has been gone . . . let's see, how long . . . six years?" He sighed, then bent to kiss Helen's cheek tenderly. "Now we begin again, Paul."

Paul stiffened, but he clamped his teeth shut. It wasn't going to be Paul and Helen with him. What had she ever done for him but get his dad to sneak off and marry her, and then send a telegram that it



was done? They hadn't needed Helen. They didn't need her now. And he wasn't going to pretend that he liked having her around, even if Dad wanted him to. He couldn't. Not when he and Dad had been so close.

"But Dad," he began, "I just meant I can take care of things without. . ."

"Without Helen, you mean?" A muscle tightened at the corner of his father's mouth. "Paul, I love Helen very much. Can't you understand?"

Paul dropped his eyes, abashed and embarrassed by the fervor in his dad's tone.

Helen stepped forward quickly, her face strained. "Fred, darling please. I know how Paul feels. I'm sure things will work out."

Paul stared. How could a forty-year-old woman, practically a stranger, know how he felt?

"Things will start working out, right now. Paul's not a child any more," his father said. Then he sighed and turned away.

Paul felt the terrible weight of his doubts and misery, too. Deep down his heart was heavy.

After an uncomfortable lunch, Helen asked Paul to help her with the dishes. He had to say "yes" with his father's eyes so quietly expectant.

In the kitchen, as he waited for some dishes to dry, he hummed so that she wouldn't start talking.

She said, "Do you have something you'd rather do, Paul?"

"I was going over to Betty's."

"Is she the girl I met here about a month ago?" Helen said.

"Yeah."

"She's darling. Does your father like her?"

Paul peered around into Helen's face. Was Helen discussing him behind his back already, with his father? He couldn't tell. Her face didn't tell a thing.

"Oh, Dad can take Betty or leave her, I guess. Same with me. She's got her good points, and she's got her bad," he said.

Helen laughed. "Haven't we all! I'm sure she's nice." Her voice was warmly sincere. "Say, would you like to take her on our Outdoor Club picnic tomorrow out

at Barton's summer home on the river? Your dad said he'd go, if you would. He'll drop in at the store in the morning first. You see," she went on shyly, "we thought we'd like to take part of our honeymoon with you."

Paul's mouth dropped a little. "You what?"

"Truly! Your dad was awfully lonesome for you, when we were honeymooning. I know he was. And I'd like to get to know you better, right away. Betty, too, if she's your girl."

Paul swallowed. He wondered how he could ever explain all this to Betty. She would certainly label it a high-grade brand of corn, in a hurry. He probably ought to, too, but somehow, the sincerity in Helen's voice rang true to him. She made him want to believe her with her soft dark eyes on his, hoping that he would.

He picked up a handful of spoons and opened the drawer slowly. "I don't think I'll ask Betty, Helen. She's not so much for outdoor stuff."

He wished he hadn't talked so much against Helen to Betty. It seemed underhanded, now, although he wasn't going to let this soft soap of Helen's get in his eyes.

He hung up the dish towel. "Be seein' ya, Helen."

#### *It's a fact:*

*The word "panel" literally means "little rag."*

"Yup," she said cheerfully. He looked back and caught her grinning at him. It was swell to see someone smiling like they meant it, for a change.

He went back to his book in the living room. His dad was taking a nap. The house was peaceful and quiet. The catbird trilled in the lilac bush outside the window, busily feeding her young ones. He must remember to tell Dad they had hatched. They had been watching her together, ever since the bird had come back in the early

spring. He buried his nose contentedly.

Then the phone jangled. It was Betty. She was teed off because he hadn't come over. When he confessed he had forgotten, she was more annoyed than ever.

"You won't have many more chances to forget, if you act like this often," she snapped. "Your sweet parents can have you back again, for good. By the way, what excuse did they give?"

"Excuse?"

"For running off and getting married and not even telling you about it until afterward," she said. "Paul, are you still there?"

"Yes," he said faintly. He had that tightness in his chest again.

"You mean you didn't even ask them, what they meant. . ."

"Listen, Betty," he said quickly. "I'll call you back. My dad's yelling at me, out in the garden. I'll call you back. He hung up the phone and took a long painful breath. Why did she have to remind him so that he felt all heavy and unhappy inside again? It was hard enough getting used to a stepmother, and a strangely irritable father, all at once, without being reminded of how they had left him out in the cold. As though he were nothing.

Helen came in. "Are you still phoning, Paul? Is something the matter?"

"No," he said wearily. "I'll live."

"Want to tell me?"

"No. No, thank you," he said. He held himself away from the sympathy in her eyes, even though he longed for it, longed to blurt out how they had hurt him. But he wasn't a kid any more, just like his dad said. He had to start facing things. No wonder Betty was disgusted with him.

"My girl friend's mad at me," he said.

"But that isn't what's wrong," Helen said.

"No, I don't much care, I guess." He went out then and got out the lawn mower. He had Helen just about sized up now. The poking, prodding type. Always wanting to know his business.

He kept quiet that night when



he was with his father and Helen. What Helen didn't know wouldn't hurt her. They let him alone, mostly, too. Everything was in a state of uneasy suspension, except for polite and aggravating small talk that he always hated.

The next day, when they were in the car on the way to the picnic, he blurted out, "I'll bet you wish you hadn't come home."

"Of course we don't," Helen said quickly.

But his father didn't answer.

When they arrived at the Barton's summer home, Helen introduced them as her "two men," and his father started smiling again a little. After a while he said, "Come on, Paul. Helen, you too! Let's walk down and look at the river!"

"Mrs. Barton said Paul could use one of their rowboats," Helen said. "Her daughter has the young people over on the sand bar . . . across the river."

Paul couldn't look at her or answer, even though he knew she was only trying to make things pleasant for him. But he didn't want to be bossed by her. Suddenly, he plunged ahead down the narrow path, running from the meanness of his thoughts, mad at himself and everybody else.

The bright leaves of the poplars, flickering in the soft breeze, cast gold coins of light at his feet. The sun, warm through his shirt, began to work on his rebellious spirit. He turned impulsively on the path to Helen and his dad.

"Don't those poplar leaves sound like rain, Dad?"

His father nodded, and Paul was relieved to see the lines of tension easing in his face. When they reached the grassy bank that edged the river, his father said, "Look, Paul. Bank swallows, flying over the river. Aren't they pretty things?"

Paul leaped down onto the sand. "There are some nests in here. Come on and look, Dad."

But his father sat down on top of the bank. "I'm going to relax. You want to take Helen for a boat ride, Paul?"

Paul sat down, pretending not to have heard. He stripped off his

shoes and socks and carefully rolled up his trousers. Why did Dad have to throw Helen at him again, every time he and Dad got to feeling it was like the old, good times that they had had together? It wasn't fair. How much did they think he could take?

Helen looked nervously across the satin-ribbon surface of the broad river. "It looks sort of menacing. Do you suppose it's always that black?"

"You come with us, Dad," Paul said.

"No. I'm going to be lazy. You and Helen go." His father lay down and closed his eyes.

Paul dug both heels into the sand. Now was the time to take a stand. Dad wouldn't force him, with her. That wasn't Dad's way.

He looked across at the yellow sand bar. There was a gang of kids over there, some swimming, some lying in the sun or wading. It sure looked interesting over there providing he didn't have to explain Helen, tagging along behind him, to a bunch of strangers. But it sure looked like fun over there, he thought longingly. He got up suddenly.

"Guess I'll shove off," he said.

His dad sat up. "You taking Helen?"

"No. She's scared of water."

"I'll go," Helen said. "I'm not that scared."

Paul shrugged in disgust. Boy, women were sure hopeless. Especially her.

"You mean you don't want to take her," his father said slowly.

"I didn't say that." He picked up the boat rope and closed his fists over it hard. He locked his teeth over the angry words of rebellion that bubbled in him. Every muscle of his back and neck was tight. He scraped his foot along the sand trying to ease the trembling in his legs. Keeping his eyes down, he scraped his foot back and forth, digging a hole deeper and deeper.

His father kept right on. "Paul. Answer me, boy. You just don't want to take her?"

Paul looked up at them. Helen stood motionless, her hands hanging at her sides. Miserable, he dragged his eyes to his father's.

He couldn't read anything there. There wasn't anger. There wasn't pleading, either. Just quiet and sustained waiting for the big answer to the big question: Was Paul going to make Helen stand outside for the rest of their lives?

He stopped his foot abruptly and painstakingly began to fill in the hole he had dug. He looked back up at his dad. Finally, he said, "I'll take her if she wants to go, Dad."

"Oh, sure. I want to go," Helen said.

Paul tried for a grin, wishing she wouldn't be such a good sport that a guy could hardly stand it. Then he squared his shoulders. His dad smiled broadly so that Paul felt warm again. Helen stepped into the boat, and Paul shoved off.

Paul bent to the oars as the swallows dipped and twittered above their heads. Almost before they knew it, the boat was scraping the amber sand on the other side.

"Paul, wait," Helen said. "I want to explain . . . about our going off alone to get married. It was my idea. But you were so against our marrying that I thought . . . well, we wanted to spare you the unhappiness of being at the ceremony. That's why we went off alone. Please believe me."

Paul sat quietly a long moment. Then he said, "I guess I do."

"Be sure," she said earnestly.

He had to believe her, when she was so serious and so anxious that he understand how it was. Now was a good time to start.

"I'm sure, Helen," he said. He gave her hand a quick squeeze as he helped her out of the boat, to show her that he meant it.

A girl had left the gang up above them on the sand bar and was sauntering down to them. She had auburn hair and nicely spaced freckles, a judicious amount.

"I'm Carol Barton," she said cordially. "You know, that's our cottage across the river?" Her eyes followed Helen as she walked up the shore line. "Is that your mother?"

Paul grinned for real this time. "Yeah. I just adopted her a few minutes ago."



By Nancy Brewer

*We who are now in the prime  
of life forget that we often  
make elderly people feel  
useless and sadly unwanted.*

# Still a Librarian



Illustration by Virginia MacDonald

HENRY made the announcement at the dinner table while we waited for Cynthia to bring in the dessert. His older sister, Mattie Sue, was coming to live with us. "Rather to try out living with us," he added, a half frown, half smile coming over his face. "Before I left her home last night, she agreed to try it out for the winter."

"She's afraid of the rush and the noise in this house," Mary Jean looked sternly at her two younger brothers, George and Donald.

Robert, just nineteen and a sophomore at our engineering school, sprang to the defense of his brothers. "Aunt Mattie Sue is used to noise. It will make her think she's back at the library

again with a dozen youngsters clamoring for books. Her hesitation, I should say, would be due to the 'wanta pleas' she's always heard here."

He mimicked his sisters. "I want a new collar on my sweater while you're here, Aunt Mattie Sue. I want some help in sewing buttonholes in my new blouse. I want someone to do the dishes for me tonight while I—"

Henry interrupted, his voice very kind and understanding. "I think the principal thing Mattie Sue wants is for each of us to remember that she is a librarian." He paused, "Retired, to be sure, but still a librarian at heart."

I am sure he would have gone deeper into the explanation of his statement, had not Jim Bell called

him to the telephone. When he returned from a long conversation with his partner at the coal office, he clipped out orders in a hurried voice.

"The Sunbeam mine is down," he said. "Broken machinery. We're stacked high with orders, and a cold wave is on the way. I've got to go down to Kentucky to buy enough coal to tide us through."

Robert, he said, was to be at the office after school until nine o'clock every night until his return. George was to care for the stoker at home. Eleanor was to substitute as secretary of the church board meeting tomorrow night, and Mary Jean was to take the night orders for coal which might come to our home.



Donald and I were "just to be good," he said, "and meet Mattie Sue when she arrives on the bus tomorrow."

Hardly had he finished that sentence before the rush was on—the rush which comes to every home, I know, when the father of the family must leave on an unexpected business trip. Mary Jean and I ran to pack his worn calfskin bag. Robert and George hied themselves to the garage to get the car out, to see that the radiator was filled, and to stow an extra can of antifreeze in the car.

Henry ate a piece of cocoanut cake as he mounted the stairway and watched our packing. Cynthia brought him another cup of coffee to drink while he shaved. Little Donald tagged after his father, chanting his promise, "Remember Aunt Mattie Sue is still a librarian."

Twenty-four hours later we all knew he was remembering. For he turned in his chair so he could look directly into the face of Aunt Mattie Sue, who was sitting in Henry's place at our dinner table. Happily he said, "My teacher says she is happy that you've come to live with us. I told her you are a librarian and can help her with mending all of our books."

Before Mary Jean, who was almost beaming on Donald, could speak, George spoke up, "Maybe you could help me get a Boy Scout merit badge in book mending, Aunt Mattie Sue. I need a lot more badges to get promoted to the rank of Eagle Scout."

Robert chuckled, "A great many, I should say, since you are still a Second Class Scout."

Aunt Mattie Sue's blue eyes, faded with the weight of living sixty-five years, more than a score of them with a crotchety, aged mother, suddenly became bright. Her thin lips curved into a smile. "I can't believe that you are a Second Class Scout. It seems as

though it were only yesterday that I was teaching you to spell easy words."

"You taught me to use the dictionary, Aunt Mattie Sue," George was almost excited now. "Remember I was visiting you that summer, and I was sort of homesick and lonesome, and you took me to the library and let me use the big dictionary. And now," he said, pointing to Eleanor, "now that Aunt Mattie Sue is here, I won't have to bother you with the long words. She'll be my helper."

Now Mattie Sue was sitting very tall and important in her chair. Cynthia, who had come from the kitchen to pour fresh hot chocolate into the boys' cups, had her turn. "When you finishes with the boys, Miss Mattie Sue, I'd like you to help Janey, my granddaughter. She's terrible back in her reading, and she's terrible hard on her books."

Spring came that year long before Mattie Sue had finished helping Donald's teacher with rebinding her reference books, George and other boys in his Boy Scout troop with their lessons on book binding for merit badges, and all of the rest of us with the aid we found we needed from a librarian.

Henry had no difficulty in coaxing her to stay with us, for the tenant who had rented her little house in their home town wanted to remain in it. Also, Mattie Sue realized that it was easier for Henry to support her in our home than it was to support her in the five-room cottage so far away. The rent gave her an income to buy her clothes and other necessities.

Most of all she knew, and we also knew, we needed her in our home. The need came just because Henry had asked us never to forget that she was still a *librarian*.

When we did take her back to her home town three years later to be buried beside the mother she had served so beautifully and gen-

erously, her minister read us a letter she had written him. "I am very busy and happy," she wrote. "Probably this will seem like a foolish statement to make to you, but I am still a very useful librarian."

\* \* \*

Justine Herndon, who lived next door to us during the years Mattie Sue was our family librarian, and who took all our vacations with us, as well as shared our studies, told me a few days ago that life in their home was still happy though her husband's aunt was living with them.

"Thanks to Aunt Mattie Sue and you people, I was determined before she came that we'd never forget she had been a music teacher who gave lessons in her own little living room and played the pipe organ at the church. Your Henry would probably say that she is still a musician."

She smiled across the table in the tea room, where we were enjoying a "treat" together. "Just as soon as dinner is over, Jerry rests, and his Aunt Kathryn plays old tunes for him. I went to our minister and told him we'd like it if they would have her for a substitute organist. She plays every Sunday for the junior department at church school. She plays soft music when the baby is sleepy, and off to slumberland he goes. She shares the housework with me. She never tries to tell me how to do things or how to discipline the children. She has something valuable of her own to think of—her music. Believe it or not, Jerry's sisters, who didn't want her, are now fussing to have her visit them."

\* \* \*

Long years ago—yes, many of them—Grandmother Bennefield had to come to live with my mother, my father, and their large family of children. Before she arrived, Mother told us girls, "It's

(Continued on page 30)



# Living Creatively

**E**VEN as television began to loom on the horizon several years ago, I felt it represented an impending threat to the scene I loved best: My three children between the ages of ten and fourteen sprawled before the fireplace dreamily watching the shooting flames while my husband, sitting in his red leather chair near by, read to them. Whatever he might be reading, from *Alice in Wonderland* to the Bible, the children were merry, and often silly. I loved even the silliness, however. My family was together, sharing books, singing, praying, or just talking. I recall fondly a surging moment of happiness when the children, Joan, Pete, and Sal, spontaneously and happily acted and sang, "The Walls of Jericho Came Tumbling Down" after their father had read to them from the Old Testament and had given them a piece of the old wall of Jerusalem he had brought back from the Holy Land.

After all this, was television to descend upon my home and turn my family into meekly receptive puppets dependent on professional entertainment? I told my husband I was afraid that when our gift set came in one door, I would walk out the other.

Now, two years later, when the television picture begins to blur or dim, I am honestly sorry. My personality, convictions, or values haven't changed. I have found, however, that my family's personality has proved stronger than this modern challenge. Television is quite completely under my family's control; the family is not controlled by it. The first few months of its presence in my home were bad. Time was wasted. Cheap programs were watched as an exciting novelty. Sleep was missed, good books lay shut, and there was little family conversation. We

still had family prayers, but there was a wiggling restlessness even then.

One evening, though, I noticed an interesting thing. Two of our older children were in their own rooms reading while the television was still running in the dining room. They had drifted off to that which really interested them most. They had known the joy of good books before television, and now they were back with their first love. Last summer we had to spend our vacation at home because of the pressure of my husband's work. We were all so busy with our own work which we enjoy, our friends, tennis, swimming, home golf, lying in the sun, and reading that television was turned on only about half a dozen times. When our two younger children came home from two months at camp, I noticed that neither turned on TV at all for a couple of weeks. They had become so involved in socially creative activities that the television habit was simply forgotten. Now, during the winter months, we use television only when we

have heard of a program that interests us especially.

My older children had well-developed personalities before TV came into their lives. My five-year-old has grown up with television, but in a life so full of books, friends, outdoors, and talk, television has kept its proper place in his horizon. He might watch it for hours on end during the winter months if I permitted it; but I have restricted him to pre-dinner children's programs. With younger children I think a parent must thoughtfully and firmly set the limits. A teen-ager, as an adult, has to do it for himself. That is what growing up means, and it holds in television as in all of life's privileges.

My family's experience is quite typical, I find, of what has happened in many American families. This points to two universal truths. First, that each new mechanical discovery presents amazing possibilities for good or for evil. Second, sound Christian personalities, even if thrown off base temporarily, are always able to come

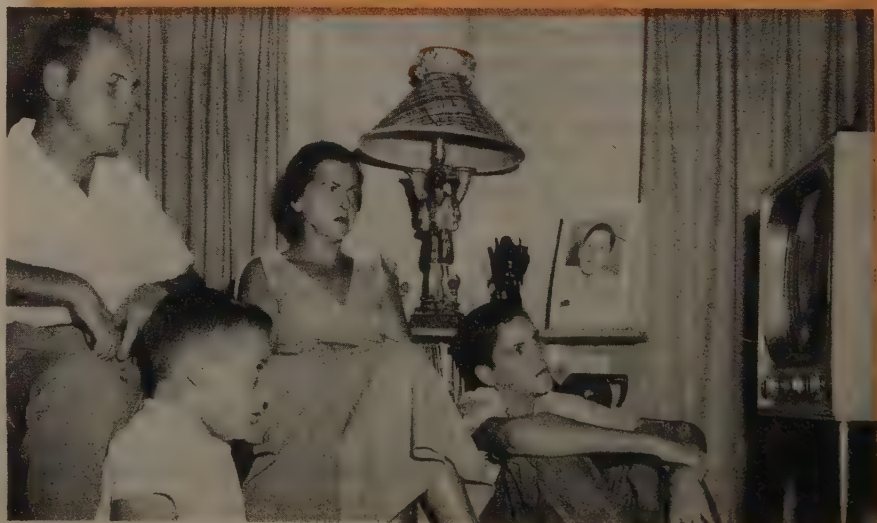


photo by erb

TV, used constructively, can bring the family closer together.



# with

# TV

by Jewell P. Hunter

around to using each new invention in a sensible way, and for good.

Sharing great television programs can be a very real source of family unity. Marian Anderson's great singing gave all the members of my family an experience that was spiritually thrilling. Laughing together at some of the humorous family type programs has made the members of my family feel closer together. Watching the telecast of one of the sessions of the World Council of Churches a year ago last August seemed to give our two older teen-agers a thrilling new vision of the breadth and significance of the Christian world. "Abie's Irish Rose" was a telecast which was just plain fun for our family. The Shakespearian productions, the "You Are There" historical series, and many other simpler dramatic episodes have left a memory of the cozy joy which our family felt while watching together. The individual members of my family are so busy with their own involvements that none has time to watch any TV productions regularly. We use television largely just for moments of relaxation. The major tennis matches, and baseball's World Series have had time saved for them long ahead by some members of my family.

### Some General Comments

To me, all this means that there are times for doing and creating, and other times for enjoying the creative activities of others. When television absorbs persons so much that they cease to be creative themselves, then it is as a misused drug, an evil. As long as teen-agers and parents are always aware that it is giving a play and living a part of themselves that is the most thrilling, and as long as they have the energy and courage to try to be active and creative and live as

fully as possible, television will not be a detriment.

Quarreling over conflicts in television programs can not only be avoided; it can be used as a point of real growth. On occasion tension arises between two members of a family because each wants to use the set at the same time for different programs. This is the moment for each contender to become perfectly still before God for awhile. Shared silence can bring him sharply back to the basic truth of life that each one is God's child. As he opens himself in quietness to God's will, conflict fades, and the miraculous sense of God's love comes in. Here again television can, quite incidentally, lead to great good.

It is in the congested city areas that poor television programs are a real threat in the development of children. Here, where mothers are especially tired and need to have the children quiet somehow, where play space is far too limited, where hard-pressed adults do not have sufficient time and energy to lead children in habits of creative activity, lies the deep danger of evil influence from the crime thrillers and sexy productions that are shown on television. Here, too, television has an opportunity of real service. This is a wide, waiting field of work for those who love God's children and want to help and serve them.

In beginning to work to make television a positive creative good in our time, Christians must first make sure of their own purity of choice in programs. When he is watching a program, each teen-ager and adult needs to face the fact that he really knows in his heart whether his lower animal instincts or his higher godlike ones are being aroused. He must think enough about each program that he considers to answer honestly

which side of him is being appealed to and have the self-discipline to turn off programs that appeal only to his baser instincts.

Even though television presents no problems in Christian homes, Christians have a duty to stand out clearly against programs in which crime is played up as a thrill; those which encourage sexual appetites; those which seek laughs at the expense of a particular class or race; and those which are just a waste of time. Christians can fight these by encouraging all the thoughtful people with whom they have contact to view only desirable programs, and by sending letters to producers, newspapers, and civic leaders expressing satisfaction with wholesome programs and dissatisfaction with unwholesome ones.

Fortunately, it is the harmless humor programs that most high schoolers report watching with most regularity. Probably, it is the children between the ages of five and fourteen who are the most ardent admirers of television. Certainly, more persons of good will with live minds and imagination must turn their attention to programs for this age group.

Television is an integral part of America's culture now. It challenges Christians to use their imaginations to make it a force which leads people toward the good life. Television has possibilities. In the home it can provide recreation through humor and beauty, relaxation, instruction, and inspiration. It can be a real source of unity to the family, the nation, and the world. It can be a truly blessed gift of God. It can be, if Christians make it so. To be Christian means facing squarely such responsibilities and opportunities. Let all Christians now face the responsibilities and opportunities with which television confronts them.



# JAM SESSION

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ERIC WAHLEEN



I'm hungry. Let's eat!

Two small bairns plus one jar of jam equals one big mess, as the pictures on these two pages reveal. If you're a mother with pre-school-age children, our mischievous boy and girl are probably a painful reminder that your own offspring are capable of such unmannerly behavior . . . but if your children are grown, you wistfully remember that you once had the pleasure of cleaning up after small lads and lassies like these two.



The jam pot's easy to find.



Oh, oh—trouble ahead.





**We may be all washed up for today, but we'll be in a jam again tomorrow.**



# A Little Bit of Lace

"Why surely, dear," Mother said. "You may have that doily. What's it for, a valentine?"

Susie nodded, and Mother smiled.

"That will make a pretty valentine," Mother said.

"Yes," Susie said, and made a rhyme:

"Lace from the doily will fix it fine

For me to say in a friendly way  
Valentine, will you be mine!"

"You're a poet and you didn't know it," Mother said, and Susie laughed.

Susie was so happy. Valentine's Day was coming. It was going to be a special day in the third grade. They were going to have a mail box, and Miss Brown would be the postman and deliver the valentines. They would have refreshments, too. Oh, goody!

But the day before Valentine's Day, Susie heard some of the children in her class talking; and it made her mad. One little girl said, "So fat," and another one giggled and said, "Carrots. His hair is like carrots, and he's covered with freckles."

That was not kind! It made Susie feel bad. They were talking about Maurice, the new boy.

Now Mildred was talking. "His name, too! More-ese! What a sissy name! No one will send *him* a valentine!"

"The teacher will!" she heard Betsy say.

Susie felt better when she heard Betsy speak up. She peeked at Maurice, a hurried look, during the afternoon session. Poor Maurice! He had trouble with arithmetic, and he had trouble with reading. It was not fair the way some of the kids made *fun* about it, though.

Mildred was the worst. "I'm not a really *good* reader," she said, "but we're *all* way ahead of More-ese!"

by

Janice A. McDonald

illustration  
by  
Fran Heron



"If *you* had just moved here from another town and another school," Susie had argued, "maybe you'd have to do some make-up work!"

"Susie's in love with More-ese! Susie's in love with More-ese!"

Mildred had chanted. It made Susie sick, it was so silly.

"Hi, Maurice," Susie said during recess. "I'm happy about tomorrow, aren't you?"

"Happy?" Maurice asked. "Tomorrow?"

But tomorrow was Valentine's Day! How could he—*anyone*—act as though he'd forgotten it! He looked so unhappy, too!

"Why Maurice, what's the matter?" Susie asked.

He tried to smile, "You send Valentines—" he said very slowly, "to *friends*. I had some back in—in—"

"But Maurice!" Susie broke in. "You have friends here. I'm your friend!"

Well, Maurice really smiled, then, a wide, happy grin.

Lunch time finally came. Susie talked as she ate: "I don't think two o'clock this afternoon will *ever* come!" she said.

Mother laughed and said, "Oh yes, it will!" Then she added, "How would you like to wear your new red dress this afternoon?"

"Oh!" Susie said. "Oh, would I! It's just right for a Valentine party!"

And indeed it was. There was a little bit of lace on each pocket and on the collar.

It was hard to pay attention for the hour between coming back to school and the time the party was to begin. Susie stole glances at the clock, and she saw Miss Brown look at her with a wink at one point, when she hurriedly took her eyes from the clock and back to her workbook. Finally, however, Miss Brown did say, "Clear your desks now, and close your eyes."

Susie could not bear it. Little chills of excitement ran up and down her back. She heard Miss Brown's heels clicking along the aisles, stopping, starting, stopping again. When would they be able to open their eyes?

"Now," Miss Brown said at last. "You can look."

Susie looked at her valentines. She had one from Betsy, one from the teacher, one from Janet, and one from Billy. There was also a different one, a funny one with a broken heart drawn on one side; and on the other, a very nicely

(Continued on page 28)



# Worship

## in the family with children

### TO USE WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN

#### A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.

#### Sharing Can Be Fun

Jimmy and Carl lived next door to one another, but they did not play together often. Neither boy wanted the other to play with his toys; so they were not happy when they did play together.

One day Jimmy was playing with some nice, new blocks. They were big blocks; big enough to build bridges and houses the size of Carl's new truck. Carl wanted to play with them, too.

"May I play with your blocks, Jimmy?" Carl asked.

"These are my new birthday blocks," Jimmy answered. "I'm going to play with them myself."

"But I want to play with them, too," Carl said.

"No, you can't," Jimmy replied.

Carl was disappointed that he could not play with the blocks; Jimmy felt cross because he had not let Carl play with the blocks.

Carl went home and got his new

truck. He pushed it back and forth on his porch. Then he had an idea. He smiled and hurried over to Jimmy's porch.

"Jimmy, see my new truck? Would you like to play with it?"

Jimmy looked at the truck in Carl's hands. He *did* want to play with it. He reached out his hands for it. Carl gave it to him with a smile. Jimmy pushed it across the porch.

"That's a good truck, Carl. I like to play with it." Carl said nothing; he just watched Jimmy play with it.

"Carl, you could build a bridge with my new birthday blocks, and we could drive your truck under it," Jimmy suggested.

Carl nodded. He began to build a bridge. He felt good inside when he let Jimmy play with his truck.

Jimmy felt good, too. It was much more fun for two to take turns than it was to play alone!

#### A Bible Verse

Even a child makes himself known by his acts.

—Proverbs 20:11.

#### THEME FOR FEBRUARY:

### We Share God's Gifts



Harmon





*Myolis*

"As you wish that men would do to you, do so to them."—Luke 6:31.

## TO USE WITH OLDER CHILDREN

### The Best Part

Sally sat with her face pressed against the window-pane. She was watching for her sisters, Helen and Frances. It was lonesome when they were at school all day long.

Suddenly, Sally called out, "Here they come, Mother; here they come!" Then she ran to open the door for her sisters.

"Hello," Sally called as the girls came up the walk. "Did you have fun at school today?"

"Hello, yourself," Frances answered, patting Sally's curly head. "Yes, we had fun. Where's Mother?"

"I'm ironing—in the kitchen," Mother called in answer. All three girls went to the kitchen.

"Read to me," Sally begged.

"Not now. I'm hungry. Mother, may we have some cookies and milk?" Helen asked.

"Certainly," Mother smiled. So all three girls sat down at the table and ate cookies and drank good, cold milk. As they ate, Frances and Helen talked of the things they had done at school.

"We read such a good story at school," Frances said. "It is about cats. I liked it a lot. It's in my book, and I brought it home. I'm going to read it again."

"We learned a new game at recess, Frances. When we're through, let's go outside, and I'll teach you to play it," Helen said.

"Well," Frances said slowly, looking at Sally. "I'll tell you what; let's rest first, and while we are resting, I'll read the story to Sally. Then all of us will go out and play. Shall we?"

Helen frowned. "Oh, all right," she said, "only you know Sally is too little to play games. I don't see why you try to teach her."

"I am not too little," Sally said loudly. "I'm getting bigger every day. Mother says so!"

"Of course you are, honey," Frances said, hugging Sally. "And you can learn to play this game, too."

Sally smiled, and Frances ran to get her book. Helen looked at Mother unhappily. Mother was busy with her ironing.

Frances came back with the book and lay down on the floor with Sally close beside her. Slowly, Helen joined her sisters. Frances began to read. It was a good story.

"The best part about this story is that you are willing to share your time and ability with one another," Mother said softly. Frances smiled. Helen knew that this was true.



## FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

**Call to Worship:** John 13:34.

**Song:** Choose one of the following: "A Happy Day," Primary Pupil's Book, First Year, Winter Quarter, page 35; "My Friends," Primary Pupil's Book, First Year, Summer Quarter, page 19; "Glad I Am to Grow!" Primary Pupil's Book, "Third Year, Winter Quarter, page 34; "Our Gifts We Share," Junior Pupil's Book, Second Year, Summer Quarter, page 18.

**Meditation:** When we think of God's good gifts, it is easy to think of beauty, the world about us, our family, our friends, and the things we especially like. Sometimes we do not realize that time is one of God's most precious gifts. Every person has the same amount of it. Each one has to decide how he will use it, and he can use it in good or in poor ways.

Another gift we all have is ability. Some have the ability to do one thing, some another. Some can do many things, some not so many; but each person can do something. When we use our abilities in helpful ways, God is pleased. When we use them in selfish ways, God is not pleased.

Another gift from God is the ability to make money. Persons differ in this ability just as they do in other abilities. But each one has the power to choose how he will use his money—how much he will save, how much he will spend, and the ways in which he will spend it.

When we share these gifts in helpful ways, we are working for God; and he expects and wants us to work for him.

**Song:** Use the one on this page, using the additional verse printed above it, or use one of those listed above.

**Poem:** Use "Bedtime Prayer," printed on this page, or choose one of the following: "The Wise May Bring Their Learning," Junior Pupil's Book, First Year, Fall

Quarter, page 48; "Children of the World," Primary Pupil's Book, First Year, Spring Quarter, page 28; "God Made Us a Beautiful World," Primary Pupil's Book, First Year, Summer Quarter, page 41; "The World Is Thine," Junior Pupil's Book, Second Year, Summer Quarter, page 43.

**Prayer:** Dear God, we are glad for all your good gifts: strong bodies and food, clothing, and our minds to use to keep them strong; time and our own wills to decide how we will use it; abilities that we may use to work for you. Help us to use these gifts well. Amen.

### A Bible Verse

The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof,  
the world and those who dwell therein.

—Psalm 24:1.

### A Birthday Grace

Thank You, dear God,  
For the happiness  
With which my birthday  
Is always blessed.

—George Ryder.

### Bedtime Prayer

Today has been a lovely day  
And now it's time to kneel and pray.  
We thank Thee, Father, for the joy  
You sent to every girl and boy!  
We thank You, now that day is done,  
For all our daytime play and fun.  
Please care for us throughout the night  
And bring the cheerful morning light;  
And when another day is here  
Be with us then and stay Thou near. Amen.

—Adelaide Parker.

Here is an additional verse to sing to the song below:

We can share so many things—  
Share our money, too,  
To tell someone of God's great love  
As he wants us to do.

—J. B. C.

GROWING LIKE JESUS

### Sharing

J. Lilian Vandevere

J. Lilian Vandevere

1. Why not share a picture book? Why not share a toy? The  
2. Share your ball and tri-cy-cle, That is on-ly fair. You'll

thing you share with oth-ers Is the thing that you en-joy.  
find you get your most fun From the play-things that you share.

Copyright, 1935, by the Presbyterian Board of Christian Education.

In singing this song, changes may be made so that the toys sung about are those which the child owns or is using.



# Teaching Children Worldmindedness





"Daddy, see the boy with the funny eyes? His name's Mitsu, and his mother talks a funny kind of talk to him."

"Oh, Mommie! Look at the lady with the long dress all wrapped around her. Her skin's all sun tanned."

You, and every other parent of alert, curiosity-filled youngsters are likely today, more than ever before, to hear these excited comments from your children as everyday happenings here at home bring them in contact with students, exchange teachers, industrial technicians, and visitors from other lands. If, in these comments about a little Japanese boy or a sari-draped woman from India, you recognize any indications of mockery, rejection, or even fear, you will become alarmed and wonder to yourself, "How can I teach Johnny to understand and love people of other lands and races? How can I create in him a spirit of brotherhood and worldmindedness?"

Well, first of all, being concerned about Johnny's problem, you won't brush off his exclamations with a hushed, "Not so loud!" and a plea of "Don't point!—It's not polite." Naturally, he wonders about the peculiar language of the Japanese mother, and to Susie the dark skin and unusual costume of the woman from India are strange indeed. What you *will* do is recognize that in their wide-eyed curiosity lies an excellent opportunity to stimulate further interest, stamp out feelings of self-superiority, and to erase

***Our children should learn to like and respect people of other races and nations. It is up to us to teach them worldmindedness.***

any kind of fear associated with these individuals from other lands.

Of course, supplying the proper answers to your children's curiosity-stimulated questions is only a small portion of your job in teaching them to understand and love people everywhere. The real responsibility starts right in the home in the give-and-take of family living. Here, from the very beginning of childhood, children form from daily associations and parental example, the patterns that will largely determine their behavior and attitudes concerning others. Of course, Susie and Johnny can hear stories at church school about the children of the Belgian Congo, or learn in civics class about the United Nations, but without constant guidance at home, true Christian concepts of concern for others and respect for the individual are difficult, if not impossible, to learn and understand.

For instance, if Johnny's parents argue about management of home and money or use of leisure time, rather than using discussion and co-operation to settle their differences, it's not likely that Johnny will learn to respect the differences and opinions of others. If instead, they themselves exhibit friend-

liness, understanding, and a spirit of co-operation in all family affairs and matters that involve others, then Johnny will have a solid background for a basic understanding of his friends and associates, and finally, his world-wide neighbors.

Conversation or just plain indifference in the home concerning community and world affairs also has a part in forming attitudes and opinions. For example, suppose a community issue is posed when, say, an Oriental family moves into a restricted, but "Christian" development of the city. The families of this section, much upset by the intrusion, promptly set about dislodging the family from their midst. Suppose, too, a Christian father, comfortably settled with his family in this section, says to his wife, "Something must be done about this family moving in here like this. They may be just as good as we are, and I don't mean them harm, but we don't want to have a lot of foreigners overrunning our lovely development." This father, perhaps even without realizing it, is setting an example of distrust and suspicion of people with differing backgrounds and physical characteristics.

Or, imagine that a teen-aged daughter, as a project for current events class, is assigned a report involving the role of the United States in the framework of the United Nations. Presenting her topic at home, she is met with indifference on the part of

## Study Article and Guide for Parents' Groups

by Barbara Faiss

her parents. They offer no discussion and no encouragement that might stimulate a healthy and sincere interest in understanding people of other nations, as well as our own. Indifference on the part of her parents has caused her to interpret the report, and consequently its problem as dull and unimportant.

Conversation in the home, though, can also be used in a positive way to correct wrong impressions of people from other lands or races. Suppose Johnny comes home from baseball practice with an angry comment to the effect that "they let a Mexican kid on the team, and everybody knows they're lazy and have rotten tempers!" Without becoming upset and angry at his snap judgment of the boy, you might give him a moment to cool down and then point out his faulty rationalization. Show him how everyone deserves to be judged, not upon hearsay and opinion of the prejudiced, but rather upon individual merit. Then, you might point out to him cases of individuals, people you know personally or of whom you've read,



who have proved that thinking which links certain races or nationalities with particular "racial traits" or personality characteristics is erroneous.

Perhaps, as illustrated at the beginning of the article, the need for guidance in worldmindedness may come to your attention as the result of an exclamation at the encounter of someone from another race or land. At church it might be that you'll sit behind a foreign student from Ethiopia, and right away your little Susie will want to know, "What makes his skin so black?" To her query you might explain how groups of people living in different climates came to develop a skin pigmentation best suited to that climate. Then you can supplement this explanation by showing her where Ethiopia is on the globe and by telling her something about that land.

When your child notices the sari-draped Indian woman or some other foreign costume, tell him how custom and climate determine different types of clothing for different people. When he's told that in

India it's warm and sunny, he'll better understand why our heavy clothing wouldn't be suitable there.

If you see that a child is very much interested in these people from far-away lands, take advantage of the opportunity! Look for a library story book about people in Africa, or find a book which shows pictures of the various costumes worn in other countries. Your chance here to explain differences and teach the brotherhood of all people is only as limited as your child's curiosity and interest at the time.

It could be that your child has never really exhibited much concern or interest in people of other lands. If this is the case, you might wonder how you can stimulate an interest for him. An excellent way to get children (and grownups, too) thinking about customs, clothing, beliefs, and ways of life that differ from our own is by having people of other lands as visitors in the home. Foreign students studying at our colleges and universities are often happy to visit an American home and exchange this information.

(Continued on next page.)

# Study Guide

## for "TEACHING CHILDREN WORLDMINDEDNESS"

The purpose of this session is to determine and gain conviction concerning the importance of teaching children worldmindedness; to then discover means by which we, as parents, can prepare our own minds and hearts, and proceed in furthering the understanding of our children.

### Leader's Preparation

1. In order to see clearly how much this topic matters in the light of Christianity, it is felt that the group must have a clear understanding of the importance of worldminded thinking. Without this a sincere and strong conviction of purpose in teaching children worldmindedness may not be aroused. Therefore, the leader, having read the article,

should spend a good portion of the preparation time considering the Christian concepts listed in outline form under "Conviction of Purpose" in *Plans for the Session*. If at all possible, he should discuss the concepts with the minister and formulate their meaning clearly in his mind.

2. The leader should have a good knowledge of current issues concerning problems of understanding between nations, racial groups, and individuals. If knowledge is felt to be deficient, reading should be extensive. Use the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* at the public library to locate information in current magazines. Also, use bound volumes of newspapers to make notes on items to be used as illustrations in

group discussion—illustrations to be drawn from issues mentioned above.

3. Especially helpful would be a talk with a foreign student adviser, a missionary, or a person of another land, about the most common misconceptions held by Americans concerning other peoples.

4. For a better insight into just what children need to know and are capable of understanding about people of other lands and races, the leader might try the youth shelves of his public library. Two books, especially well-written and containing much thought-provoking material for children are, *All About Us* and *People Are Important*, both by Eva Knox Evans. Another, by Dorothy Canfield Fisher, *A Fair World for All*, explains, in terms a child can easily understand, the meaning of the "Declaration of Human Rights," as formulated by the United Nations. In *Henry's Backyard* is a humorous little book based on an adaptation by Ruth Benedict and Gene Weltfish of a pamphlet *Races of Mankind*, published by Public Affairs Committee, Inc. It's an imaginative story of how Henry, confronted with the whole world full of all sorts of "odd" people packed right into his backyard, comes to learn about the races of mankind and rids himself of some foolish notions about "differences."

### Plans for the Session

#### "Conviction of Purpose"

1. Begin the session by bringing out the basic Christian principle underlying the importance of teaching children worldmindedness. This may be done by a panel presentation and group discussion, or, if time is a limiting factor, through summarization by the leader.

(Continued on page 30)



From such an experience much can be gained, on both sides, that will promote understanding and friendship. Books, as mentioned before, can also serve to further understanding. Particularly helpful might be biographies of famous people of other lands or races. Selected radio and television programs are also sometimes suitable; but just as important is seeing that harmful programs which paint foreigners or other races as inferior are prohibited.

Later, when your child is a little older, all this knowledge of other people will become basic in helping him understand more advanced concepts, such as political and historical backgrounds of other lands. You, the parent, in co-operation with school training must watch for the age level at which your child is ready for such concepts. Then encourage his interest and understanding. If you can't give him the answers to his questions of, "What is communism?" "Why was there a French Revolution?" or "Why don't the Jewish people all live in Israel?" be honest

and admit that that you don't know but that you're willing to help him find out.

Above all, when giving your child information about other people, particularly information involving political issues, don't make the mistake of assuming an attitude of "our side is right, and the other side is wrong." Instead, try to help him see both sides of a problem. Help him understand the reasons why people of nations act as they do. Such attitudes taught early in life will help him become the kind of world citizen we need to build our world Christian family.

Parental example of love and co-operation, conversation in the home, and a directed effort to aid understanding and appreciation of others form the foundation for the learning of God's great commandment as taught to us by Jesus, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself."

## BIBLEGRAM

by Hilda E. Allen

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern contains a selected quotation from the Bible.

|  |                      |
|--|----------------------|
| A Cuba's capital -----                                     | 29 125 53 44 23 49   |
| B Desert chiefs -----                                      | 20 36 41 54 10 94    |
| C Expressed gratitude for something -----                  | 5 68 56 39 50 8 117  |
| D The bird with the white vest --                          | 47 34 19 76 116 80 3 |
| E What shoes are usually made of                           | 124 52 9 28 79 48 31 |
| F The washing away of earth in the bed of a railroad ----- | 111 63 61 43 2 74 21 |
| G Two books of the Old Testament                           | 93 18 113 100 89     |
| H House for a car -----                                    | 57 101 37 15 118 24  |
| I Sea robber -----   | 7 59 65 110 35 11    |
| J A kind of terrier -----                                  | 32 66 104 45 71 26   |
| K Biblical man known as "The Baptist" -----                | 115 84 122 103       |
| L Call up -----  | 90 107 22 60 119     |
| M A kind of puzzle -----                                   | 73 97 16 46 58 126   |
| N Worked or toiled -----                                   | 55 25 64 4 70 30 1   |

|  |                     |
|--|---------------------|
| O To flourish, or prosper -----            | 105 86 33 13 96 123 |
| P Man's garment, worn under the vest ----- | 120 40 102 83 62    |
| Q A little bit of aspirin -----            | 67 17 82 98 108 85  |
| R Embankments to prevent floods            | 109 69 12 38 95 6   |
| S Communion tables -----                   | 92 14 106 99 88 78  |
| T Worships -----                           | 112 75 27 72 91 81  |
| U Tried -----                              | 121 77 51 42 87 114 |

(Solution on page 30)

|     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |     |    |
|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|-----|----|
|     | 1   | 2   |     | 3   | 4   | 5   |     | 6   | 7   | 8   | 9   |    |
| 10  |     |     | 11  | 12  | 13  | 14  |     | 15  | 16  | 17  | 18  | 19 |
| 20  | 21  |     |     | 22  | 23  | 24  |     | 25  | 26  | 27  | 28  | 29 |
| 30  | 31  |     |     | 32  | 33  | 34  | 35  | 36  | 37  | 38  | 39  |    |
| 40  | 41  |     |     | 42  | 43  | 44  | 45  |     | 46  | 47  | 48  | 49 |
| 50  | 51  |     |     | 52  | 53  | 54  | 55  |     | 56  | 57  | 58  | 59 |
| 60  | 61  | 62  |     | 63  |     | 64  | 65  | 66  | 67  | 68  | 69  |    |
| 70  |     | 71  | 72  |     | 73  | 74  | 75  | 76  | 77  | 78  |     |    |
| 79  | 80  | 81  |     | 82  | 83  | 84  | 85  | 86  | 87  | 88  |     |    |
| 89  | 90  | 91  | 92  | 93  | 94  |     | 95  | 96  | 97  | 98  |     |    |
| 99  | 100 | 101 | 102 | 103 | 104 | 105 |     | 106 | 107 | 108 |     |    |
| 109 | 110 | 111 |     | 112 | 113 | 114 |     | 115 | 116 | 117 | 118 |    |
| 119 | 120 |     | 121 | 122 | 123 |     | 124 | 125 | 126 |     |     |    |



# HOW SAFE IS SAFE?



photo by erb

*Do you think that a bottle of medicine without a "poison" label is "safe"? It's not, if your children get ahold of it.*

A curious little boy and a medicine cabinet full of fascinating bottles can cause disaster. Be sure that your medicines are out of the reach of exploring hands.

By Ina S. Stovall

**W**HEN the two-and-one-half-year-old daughter of a moving picture actress recently swallowed sleeping pills, evidently thinking they were candy, the little girl's accident made the front page of many a newspaper.

Although generally given less publicity, similar stories are all too often appearing in the press, and they should be a grim warning to parents that under some circumstances, almost no medicine is "safe."

Most of us put those bottles and boxes marked "Dangerous" or "Poison" on the highest shelf in the bathroom cabinet or far back in a closet, where small hands can't

reach them. But what about others—the ones we call "safe"? Where do you keep those?

One careless young mother—let's call her Jane Carson—had a bad headache one day when she was going to play canasta. She took an aspirin, capped the bottle hastily, and dropped it on her dresser. Feeling much better in a short while, Jane went gaily off to her party, leaving her little Dorothy, aged two, with a high school girl.

During the afternoon Jane was hastily summoned home by the frantic sitter. Dorothy was sick and was having trouble breathing. When Jane reached the child, little Dorothy was in a coma. The doctor

thought she must have taken some drug, but Jane declared that was impossible—there was nothing that the baby could have gotten. Then the sitter remembered. She'd seen Dorothy playing with "some little white things." Suddenly remembering the aspirin, Jane ran to get the bottle and found it on the floor, capless and empty.

In this case the doctor had arrived on time, and there hadn't been enough tablets in the bottle to endanger Dorothy's young life. A similar episode ended more tragically with Dickie, an eighteen-month-old boy left with a nurse while his parents took a trip.

Hastily summoned back, they



found their child dead, his small heart unable to cope with the stimulation of the aspirin which he had somehow found and eaten in an unguarded moment.

Sara, at seven, was old enough to know better, but one day she decided to taste Daddy's cough drops. He sucked them often, and they looked good. They tasted good, too, and when Sara's mother found her, the child's limp form was on the floor. When the doctor investigated, he found that in the cough drops was a mild sedative, merely enough to soothe and allay the impulse to cough. Not enough to affect a temperate adult, but quite enough to knock out a greedy little girl.

Medicines are not the only potential threats. Nail polish, with its inviting glow, hair tonics and wave sets, cleaning fluids, insecticides, rubbing alcohol, and many other household aids generally regarded as non-poisonous or harmless, can have disastrous results if they go down young gullets.

If we have small children in our homes, let's make a survey and see where our "safe" medicines and household aids are kept. Do we drop that aspirin bottle, cap loosely screwed, on the coffee table or the dresser, in easy reach of exploring little hands? Where is that box of bright cough drops? Or the sleeping pills your doctor told you were "harmless"? Remember, he meant that medicine to be for *you*, and when taken as directed. He wasn't guaranteeing them as "safe" for your toddler who gulps down the "candy."

Such potential threats are "safe" only when they are put and kept where they can't possibly be swallowed by children. If you take this precaution, your child won't figure in such grim headlines as "Aspirin 'Candy' Sends Two Children to Hospital" or "Autopsy Shows Baby Swallowed Sleeping Pills Used by Grandmother."

For the only sure guarantee against such tragedies is to realize that under some circumstances, where young children are concerned, no drug is "safe."

By Rosalie W. Doss

## Start a Picture Collection

One afternoon when all the children in the neighborhood seemed to be out looking for pictures of animals for a nature study class at school, we decided to start a picture collection in our family.

This is a hobby that can be enjoyed by the preschool youngster, as well as by the junior high student. The best way to start a picture collection, we discovered, is to save all our old magazines until there is a long rainy afternoon with nothing to do. Then the whole family, each armed with a pair of scissors, starts going through the magazines. We clip out all the colored pictures that appeal to us; but clipping pictures isn't the only thing we do during these rainy-day sessions. We stop often to discuss the pictures we find. We learn a lot from these discussions. From a barnyard picture four-year-old Don found, we taught him the names of the baby animals standing beside their mothers. He treasured this colorful farm scene for a long time, and every time he looked at it, he would recite, "colt, calf, lamb, chick, and duckling."

After we had collected quite a stack of pictures, we discovered that the best way to make them practical for use would be to sort the pictures according to subject matter. We purchased Manila folders and marked them *Animals, Flowers, Trees, Holidays* and *Transportation*. This last file on transportation contains pictures of trains, airplanes, ships, automobiles, and anything that moves over the earth, in the air, or through the water. This col-

lection of pictures is especially popular with the little boys in the neighborhood.

Then later we added another interesting folder called *Foreign Countries*. In this one we keep pictures of everything from boys and girls in wooden shoes standing in front of Dutch windmills to African tribesmen doing a tribal dance. This collection of pictures has taught the children a lot about the customs and habits of people of other countries, as well as about some of the famous landmarks found in these lands. Youngsters studying social science find this folder especially useful.

Over at our house we don't have the haphazard scramble of looking for pictures and often cutting up new magazines that have not been read. The children know they can usually find pictures on almost any subject in the picture file. There they find their material for nature scrapbooks, holiday ideas, posters, or just to identify some of the things they read about. Pictures play a great part in every child's life.

Nor are we stingy with our picture collection. Recently, nine-year-old Ann came in and asked, "Do you think we could find some pictures of trees in our collection for Lois? Her Brownie troop is studying the different kinds of trees." Lois was not disappointed. Our "Tree" file soon turned up all the trees Lois needed.

So besides having fun just collecting pretty pictures, we have been learning about nature, people in other countries, modes of transportation, and how to share with our neighbors.



## ● A Little Bit of Lace

(Continued from page 18)

colored red heart. In the corner it said, "Your friend, Maurice." Susie kept looking and looking at it. Suddenly she felt a warm hand on her back. "Oh, Susie!" a voice whispered.

Susie turned around. Maurice was grinning all over. "Oh, Susie!" he said. "I love it. You—you even put lace on it!"

Maurice had just one other valentine, from Miss Brown, but he was so very happy.

"I made it just for you," she said, and give him a big smile.

## ● Talk Your Christianity

(Continued from page 5)

sons and daughters of Lyman Beecher were outstanding nationally and internationally as clergymen, writers, educators, and musicians. Henry Ward Beecher, the most famous pulpiteer of his age, felt that his own achievements, and those of his brothers and sisters, were partially explained by the intellectual fare served them in their childhood, at home and at the family table. "A stranger would have thought he was visiting a seminary class in theology," he said.

Talking their religion helped make the Beechers the spiritual and intellectual leaders they were. It would make them wiser intellectually and richer spiritually.

Every day furnishes its full quota of happenings which are directly related to man's relationship with God. Every problem, whether it be economic, social, or political, is at bottom a religious problem. Parents should help their sons and daughters see the religious aspects of all problems.

One father skims the news headlines each night and discusses them with his youngsters. He points out the way obedience or disobedience to God is involved in current events. Sometimes he challenges his youngsters to find a news

story that has no connection with the teachings of Christ or the Bible. If they can, he pays a fine. Whether they catch him or not, their watchfulness keeps spiritual questions in the forefront of family conversations.

*The Secret Place* has occasioned much religious talk for other families. They use it in family devotions. Ideas its writers lift up seem to give tone to all the conversations and activities of such families.

*Hearthstone* magazine is becoming an important part of family religious life in an increasing number of homes each year. Its articles deal with problems common to all families seriously concerned about their spiritual health. Families should read it, and parents should discuss some of its articles with their teen-agers.

Church attendance is certain to produce topics for conversation. "What is the main thing you remember about today's sermon?" one father asked his daughter not many weeks ago.

"I remember," she answered, "how the man in front of me had his head wobbling all the time. He would shake his head 'yes' when he agreed with something the preacher said; then he would shake his head 'no' when he disagreed." That did not seem too propitious a start, but from that beginning the father and daughter worked their way into a very profitable hour, discussing religious matters. Something one of them would remember about the sermon would elicit a comment from the other—and so the hour went.

Unk never let a sermon lie down and sleep, either. He kept it on its feet walking up and down the streets of town. The preaching service was only the kickoff. The game was played as Unk talked about the sermon during the week. The message the sermon gave him was a message he felt compelled to give to others. He always enriched the message with his own faith and experience.

Church school classes are equally

stimulating. One thing that contributes to spiritual health is reading together, as a family, the church school lessons. This should be done sometime during the week. It can serve as an aid to individual preparation for the next Sunday's church school work, and as a means of keeping the family bound spiritually together. It is another means of talking Christianity.

To talk about things of importance is natural. To be self-gagged into silence on spiritual subjects is unnatural. The complete freedom Unk demonstrated in his attitude toward religion was due in part to the dramatic change made in his life by his conversion. He entered into the life of the church unhampered by any reticence or preconceived notions.

Through the halls of almost any college dormitory one finds much the same attitude. Boys will be talking about girls, and girls will be talking about boys. There will be talk about clothes, and sports, and cars, and money. Sooner or later, however, in every room, at every bull session, and at every hen party questions about God are raised.

Religion is news. What is more important to anyone than his eternal destiny? What has more to do with a man's happiness than his relationship with God?

The intelligent young person wants to know what he should do with his life. Every man has so many hours to live—so much strength, so much talent to give. Where can he give it to get the most for it? He is not thinking of money alone. After all, money is only a temporary reward. After they are dead, the poorest pauper and the world's richest man will have the same amount of money—none.

Life must be invested in something that will outlast it. How can this something be found? Only God has the answer. Any young person will think more accurately about this problem if he talks it over with his parents, his friends, and his buddies.

Home conversations should bring these questions into the open. The act of verbalizing such problems will help young people think more clearly about them. Young people talking about their Christian experiences can launch religiously sensitive persons into spiritually fruitful conversation.

Christian young people need to get away from the stained-glass voice and the long, sad face. They need to get away from the idea that religion is something reserved for slow music and solemn phrases. It is an adventure. What could be more difficult than living a godly life in an ungodly world? What could be more exciting to talk about?

Unk implanted religion in my life as an enthralling interest. Religion was fun. Talking about it kept it bright and lively. By talking religion with their young people, parents can contribute to the making of a spiritually wiser and stronger generation. It is the least they can do to help them face the challenge of the problems crowding their world.

## The Strength of the Hills

Hill folk are staunch as mountains.

They know that life's sure pain  
And surer joy will pass away,  
While mountains still remain.

Sea folk reflect their ocean.  
They know that life has vast  
Full reservoirs of strength untried  
And courage unsurpassed.

And always, high above them,  
All people still may see  
The stars expressing God's own  
love  
And his eternity.

By Esther J. Judkins





# Family Counselor

**I** CAN'T get my younger son, aged four, to stay in Sunday school by himself. He was all right with me in the room with him until this past summer when we missed three Sundays in a row because of trips. Now he wants me to sit right beside him, and isn't content with my being in the room. I feel this is carrying bashfulness too far and refuse to do it. So he winds up staying with me instead of sitting with boys and girls and singing and praying.

He had been staying by himself for a few months when one Sunday all of a sudden he wanted me to stay. A lot of fuss had just been made over his curly hair of which he seems conscious. I've also been wanting to change to a Sunday school closer to our home but I feel he'd be very uncomfortable in a strange place. Thank you very much for any suggestions.

**L**ET ME suggest that first of all you make certain that your son knows and likes the kindergarten teacher. This may mean that she should visit in your home where she will have an opportunity to get better acquainted with him and he with her. She can show an interest in his picture books and blocks and tell him about the good time they are having at the kindergarten on Sunday. When you go on Sunday, he finds someone he knows, therefore. The teacher is ready to greet him with a special smile and to guide him into some of the activities of the group. You will guard against asking him if he wants you to stay; simply tell him that you are going into another room for a while but that you will be back soon. If the teacher has enlisted his interest in some of the activities, he is not likely to object to your going. If he does, you may need to stay in the room for a Sunday or two, but soon he should be willing to stay by himself.

Three other suggestions are in order. First: the teachers should be told that he is quite conscious of his curly hair and that probably no reference should be made to it. Second: you refer to these four-year-olds singing and praying. These activities are all right, of course, but if that is all they do, you may need to look carefully into the kindergarten program to make certain proper procedures and curriculum materials are being used. Ask for a copy of *Child Guidance* and note the suggestions there

for the kindergarten period on Sunday morning. Third: it may be that there are too many children in cramped quarters, and that your son feels a bit confused and bewildered by all the children present. If this should be true, perhaps the church needs to provide more space and helpers so that the children will receive the individual attention they need.

If you want to go to a Sunday school nearer home, get acquainted with the kindergarten teacher there and follow much the same procedure as above. In addition, you may want to meet the teacher in the kindergarten room some period during the week, when other children are not present, so your son can get acquainted with the room and the play materials that are there. It should not be long until he adjusts happily to the new situation.

*Donald M. Maynard*

**WILBUR**



"What's wrong with jam and butter?"



## ● God's Humble Servant

(Continued from page 4)

biased answers to a number of questions. Among others, I asked the little girl these three:

"When you are away from home, Carolyn, perhaps vacationing with relatives, and you lie in bed with your eyes closed thinking of Mother—do you imagine you see her face?"

"Sure! Keeps me from getting homesick."

"Now, when you close your eyes to say your prayers, do you see someone's face then?"

"Always," she answered.

"Whose face do you see?"

"Well," she said seriously, "when I was real little, I used to see the face of Jesus—you know, like in the picture that hangs in the church. But now my church school teacher says that Jesus might not have looked like that—because it was just the artist's idea of his face. Since I've learned that, I see Mr. Dick when I pray because I know what he looks like—and he is so much like Jesus."

## ● Still a Librarian

(Continued from page 13)

all wrong to think you can't live with an in-law, especially a mother-in-law, and I'm going to prove it. I'm going to forget she's an in-law and remember she always could make the best lemon pies and Lady Baltimore cake I ever ate."

In Henry's words Grandmother Bennefield was still a cook.

Mother hunted out every opportunity she could for Grandmother to cook.

The church of which my father was pastor was badly in debt, and the suppers Grandmother Bennefield helped plan and cook helped pay off that debt. In our home Mother never baked another lemon pie, yet we had them in abundance.

None of the children will ever forget the beautiful lights in Mother's eyes when Father told her after Grandmother had died, "Thank you, my dear. Thank you for sharing your home, your kitchen, and your heart with my mother."

\* \* \*

Recently, Henry and I with our small granddaughter, Sally, took a bouquet to Mrs. Belle Wright, who lives at the Old Ladies' Home in our town. As the elderly woman touched the snapdragon spikes, the daisies, and the roses, she told Sally,

"I used to grow flowers as pretty as these when I had a home."

As Sally and I walked home together, Sally said in her sweet little girl voice, "Grandma, when you get old, you're not going to live there. You're not." Then she began to cry.

Then as suddenly as the rain stops in April, the tears in Sally's eyes dried, and she was happy again. "Grandma, when you're old, I'll get you a new typewriter and lots of paper, and you can write in my room and live in our

home and dig in the flower beds."

How glad I am that we never once forgot that Henry's Mattie Sue was still a librarian.

## ● Study Guide

(Continued from page 25)

Direct discussion along patterns of the following outline:

A. Stress God's commandment to us to love one another. Point out how the reasons commonly used for explaining the importance of learning worldmindedness are poor rationalizations for Christians:

1) "The present world situation simply warrants the brotherhood of man to prevent total destruction."

2) "Modern means of communication and travel are forcing us to learn to get along together—we have no choice."

B. "Who is my neighbor?" Re-read together the story of The Good Samaritan (Luke 10:25-37), then:

1) Discuss Jesus' answer to the lawyer's question, "Who is my neighbor?" In the light of this explanation whom must we today consider as our neighbor?

C. Clarify the concept of the meaning of Christian love:

1) Discuss the aspects of Christian love—appreciation and respect of others, etc.

2) What does Christian love require of us? Must we try to love the "unlovable," or can we restrict our love to those we find it easy to love?

### Development of Topic

1. Continue the session by a presentation in outline form of the main points of the article. Summarize the situations, illustrating various points. Or, again, if time is a limiting factor, the leader may have each member of the group read the article before the meeting.

2. Choose from among the following discussion suggestions those felt to be most useful to the group. (The leader from this point on should allow the discussion to follow primarily the pattern set by the group.)

A. Glean from experience as parents situations similar to those in the article where children exhibited curiosity and interest, or even more important, mockery, rejection, or fear of foreign people. Tell what was done or could have been done on the part of the parent to further Christian concern and understanding.

B. Further discuss how a child who has never exhibited interest in people of other lands might be stimulated to have interest. Consider how these and the following methods might be worked into home and church programs.

—Use of games, songs, and pictures from other lands

—Stories of other people, other lands

—Trips to museum displays of prod-

ucts, costumes, culture displays of other peoples

—Use of world theme for parties, banquets, fairs

—Foreign student, missionary visitors  
C. Discuss the role that TV and radio are playing concerning children's thinking of other races and nations. Can you think of programs which are particularly harmful or particularly helpful?

D. Evaluate your church school program. Are children being taught effective and practical examples of world friendship and understanding?

3. As an alternative to suggestion number 2, and in order to place more emphasis on parents' obligations to prepare their own hearts and minds for a Christian concept of worldmindedness, the leader might prefer to do the following: Over a period of time collect newspaper clippings illustrating late world and community events involving problems of world or community understanding and co-operation. Divide members of the group into smaller groups, distribute several articles to each group, and discuss the issue presented therein, bringing out ways in which Christians must look at the problem. To avoid the mistake of favoring "our" side, the group might be divided into two sides—one to look at the problem from one viewpoint and the other to look at it from the opposite viewpoint.

4. Perhaps as a follow-up to this session, the group would like to engage a foreign student, foreign student adviser, missionary, or an American exchange student to talk to the group and bring out some of the problems of other nations and races most commonly misunderstood by us. Especially effective to aid in this understanding are foreign students. To find out more about how you can arrange such a talk, write to a near-by college or university, addressing you query in care of the foreign student adviser.

5. Bring the meeting to a close with a simple worship service. A particularly appropriate theme might be based on the hymn, "In Christ There Is No East Or West." The words, in all of their simple truth and beauty, might well be enough to provide the basis for a short, but very inspiring service.

## BIBLEGRAM SOLUTION

Biblegram on page 25

"Do not speak evil against one another, brethren. He that speaks evil against a brother or judges his brother, speaks evil against the law and judges the law." (James 4:11)

### The Words

|           |           |          |
|-----------|-----------|----------|
| A Havana  | H Garage  | O Thrive |
| B Sheiks  | I Pirate  | P Shirt  |
| C Thanked | J Boston  | Q Tablet |
| D Penguin | K John    | R Levees |
| E Leather | L Phone   | S Altars |
| F Washout | M Jigsaw  | T Adores |
| G Kings   | N Labored | U Tested |



# BOOKS

## for the Hearthside

### For Children

Most Christian parents wish to teach their children to pray. Many of them are eager for resource materials to help them in this task. **Prayers and Graces for a Small Child**, edited by Mary Alice Jones in collaboration with Kate Smallwood (Rand McNally & Co., 1955, unpagged, price 25 cents), is a book of prayers and graces that may be used in a variety of situations. They are in language easy for a young child to understand, and all of them reflect God's love. The book is beautifully illustrated.

**A Whistle for Tootles**, by Rose Friedman (Abingdon Press, 1955, unpagged, price \$1.50), is a delightful tale of a boy who wanted to learn to whistle. How he worked at learning, how he finally succeeded, and the happy ending make the kind of story that delights children. The attractive end papers and illustrations by Mary Bradfield heighten the pleasure of reading the book.

### For Youth

**The Unwilling Heart**, by Catherine Marshall (not the wife of the late Peter Marshall). Longmans, Green and Co. 246 pages. Price \$3.00.

Linda Doverman withdraws into a defiant shell of self-pity when her father, whom she has always loved and admired, is sent to prison. She learns that her high school friends shun her, not because her father is a convict, but because her own personality has become disagreeable. Then Linda starts to reform. In an effort to overcome the stigma of her father's crime Linda becomes a mature, self-reliant girl, one on whom both parents learn to depend greatly. Because of her own struggle she is able to give courage and confidence to a fellow high school student for whom life looks pretty grim. This is an excellent book for high school and junior high boys and girls.

**Sixteen Is Special**, by Ernie Rydberg. Longmans, Green and Co., Inc. 151 pages. Price \$2.50.

To Jacqueline McGuire Jackson being sixteen is just the greatest thing that can happen to anybody. That's why on her sixteenth birthday she decides to buy herself a birthday present—her *first* birthday present. Jacqueline (known as McGuire to all of her friends), whose parents died when she was four years old, lives with an aunt who runs a boarding house. Since it is a struggle to make ends meet, there has never been enough money for such luxuries as birthday presents. McGuire, with her best friend Wimpy, goes to the express office where they auction off unclaimed packages, and buys one. Teen-age readers will thoroughly

enjoy this book—the mystery and intrigue concerning the package; Aunt Mary, whose gruff countenance conceals a heart of gold; and McGuire and all of her friends.

**Oh, Brother**, by Viola Rowe. Longmans, Green and Co., 214 pages. Price \$2.75.

Penny Palmer feels like a lost sheep when her twin brother Pete leaves home to join the army. Penny has always relied strongly upon Pete because of his confidence and outgoing personality, and she is sure that life will be pretty dismal without him. Before Pete goes away, he asks his best friend Slat to act as a brother to Penny; but Penny doesn't think that Slat has nearly all of the admirable qualities possessed by Pete. He is an inferior substitute, at best.

Then Penny learns that she can stand on her own two feet and be an interesting individual without the aid of Pete. Besides, Slat isn't such a bad fellow after all. This is a light, entertaining book.

The adventures of Kit Carson and Judd Hunter, two seventeen-year-olds, on the trail between Missouri and Santa Fe are told in Merritt Parmalee Allen's **The Silver Wolf** (Longmans, Green and Co., Inc., New York. 216 pages. Price, \$2.50). In addition to the exciting experiences of the trail the book tells of the search for a silver mine willed to Judd by his murdered brother.

### BIBLE BOOKS OF THE MONTH



#### 1 and 2 Timothy

These two brief letters—ten chapters in all—deal with problems that the church faced in the later New Testament years.

1. What problems do the letters reveal?
2. What qualifications should officers of the church possess?
3. Note passages that you may want to underscore because of their vividness and worth.





# Over the Back Fence



Levett

## ● Thought for the Month

What does the month of February mean to you? If it is your birthmonth, then the first thought that comes to your mind when February is mentioned is probably about your birthday.

Some will remember that February is the month when two of our greatest presidents were born. Others, more romantically inclined, may first think that Valentine's Day is observed at the very center of the month. Still others may have other and more personal reasons for certain thoughts that rise in their minds in connection with the month of February.

For the moment let us put aside all these thoughts and remember that February is the month when the theme of Brotherhood is given considerable attention throughout our country.

Brotherhood is essentially at the heart of most of the thoughts we have listed. Whatever the month of our birth, it is a growing conviction that we are all born as brothers, children of one God who is the Creator and Father of us all.

The part that Abraham Lincoln played in the development of the sense of brotherhood needs no elaboration here. It is a little less easy to see George Washington's role in this relationship, but the American Revolution was at least partly inspired by the thought of equality among men.

When we remember some of the comic valentines we sent as youngsters, we find some difficulty in thinking of brotherhood and good will in connection with Valentine's Day! At its best, however, even that day strikes a note that sounds in harmony with the symphony of brotherhood.

All of which is a rather long prelude to the "Thought for the Month." We believe that one of the most important tasks we face in the world to-

day is that of increasing the areas of human life where the principles of brotherhood operate and of combatting the spirit of prejudice and discrimination that is still too prevalent, even in our own "land of the free and home of the brave."

While the churches have a responsibility here and are working on it, we want to call attention to the fact that here is one place where the United Nations is at work. One outstanding result of this work is the statement known as the United Nations Covenant on Human Rights.

Cynics have said and will say, "What has the U.N. accomplished in this area after ten years?" One answer might well be a paraphrase of Thomas Hardy's cynical charge of a number of years ago:

"After two thousand years of Mass  
We've got as far as poison gas."

An updated version of this statement might read,

"After two thousand years of 'Thy Kingdom  
Come,'  
We've got as far as the hydrogen bomb."

Even the prayers and labors of the churches have not yet succeeded in eradicating the evil of prejudice from the hearts of men. We have come a long way, however, in establishing more brotherly relationships among men, but we still have a long way to go.

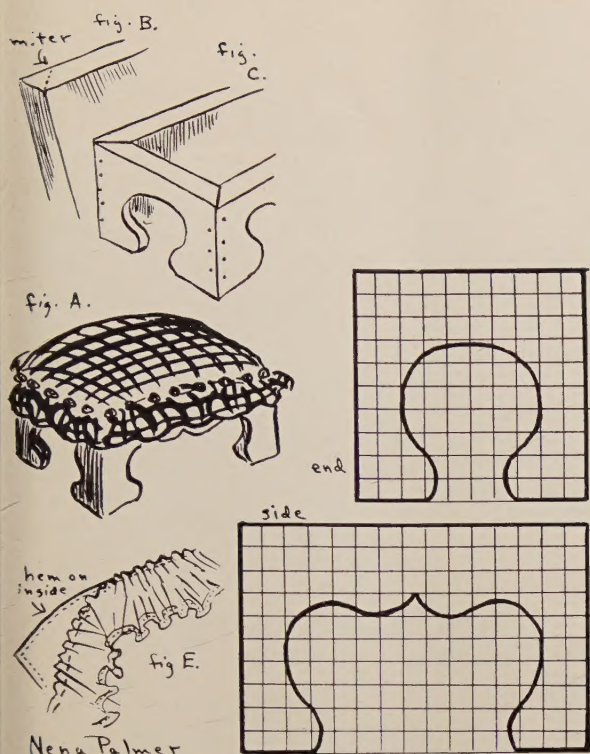
As individuals, as heads of households, as parents, and as Christians there is much that we can do to observe this month of brotherhood. Our churches will undoubtedly lead our thoughts in this direction. As individuals and as groups we can discover what the U.N. is doing and trying to do.

Let us transform our "Thought for the Month" into "Action for the Year."



# Teamwork for a Footstool!

by Nena Palmer



How about co-operating with your brother or sister on these long winter evenings to make a footstool for your mother? Nothing you could buy would ever give her so much pleasure! Or can you think of a better hobby project for your class?

Fig. A shows the finished stool—picture it in front of your mother's pet rocker!

For constructing the stool itself, you need five pieces of soft wood, such as pine, either one or one and a quarter inch thick. Each side is cut from a piece fifteen by ten inches, the two ends from pieces ten inches square, and the top is a solid piece ten by fifteen inches. Once you have cut these five pieces, the first step is to miter the inside edge along both sides of each of the four pieces for the base of the stool, at a forty-five degree angle, as shown in fig. B. Fig. D shows how these mitered sides will fit together. Do this with a fine-toothed saw.

Now enlarge the patterns to a piece of wrapping paper ruled into one-inch squares. Cut this out and trace around it on the wood, making two of each piece. Cut these with a jigsaw or hand-coping saw and sand these four pieces and the top until they are smooth.

Now glue the four corners together firmly, and drive three or four very small nails into the side of each corner to give added strength, as in fig. D. Nail the top on firmly with two-inch nails, and you're ready to paint or stain the stool.

If you want to paint it, use two coats of enamel, choosing the color that will best fit the room where the stool will be used. If you plan to stain it, choose the kind of stain in the same way, matching the other furniture in the room. After the stain is applied, paint it with two coats of clear shellac or varnish, or rub it well with two or three coats of paste wax.

You can select some picture you like in a magazine, perhaps of flowers or a Pennsylvania Dutch bird motif, and trace this on the top of the stool after it is painted or stained, but before you have applied the wax or shellac.

Paint this with enamels or oil paints, and then shellac it. This makes a very attractive stool.

A cover for the stool can be made of pieces of chintz or other material left from drapes or a slip cover, or from a piece of denim or monkscloth which matches the upholstery in your home. The top is made from a piece twelve by seventeen inches. Turn under a half-inch hem all around and baste it.

The ruffle is made of a strip six inches wide and four yards long. Of course, you can make this of several strips seamed together. If you are buying the material, you need three-quarters of a yard of 36-inch material, or half a yard of 48-inch material.

Sew a half-inch hem the entire length of the ruffle, then run a gathering thread along the other side. With the right sides of the material facing, pin the ruffle in place all around the top, as in fig. E, being sure that the gathering is even all the way around. Stitch this firmly in place.

There are two ways that you can put the pillow on the stool.

The first is to make a pad about an inch thick out of an old blanket folded to fit the top exactly. Then place the ruffled piece on this, and tack it to the stool as in fig. A, using large-headed decorative brass or black upholstery tacks.

The second way is to finish the pillow so that it is a separate piece. To do this cut another piece of cloth for the backing just the size of the top (twelve by seventeen inches), baste under a half-inch hem all around, then neatly stitch this to the ruffled top, keeping all the seams inside. You can stuff the pillow with feathers or cotton batting, or you can seam three sides then slide in the inch-thick folded blanket, as described above, and stitch this inside the finished pillow.

By attaching two strips of tape ten inches long about two inches from each corner, underneath, the pad can be tied firmly to the legs of the stool to keep it in place.

What an attractive, unusual gift you have made!



**I** work eight hours a day—and more—to provide my family with financial security. But I am doing poorly by them, indeed, if at the same time I neglect to build a sound, sure basis for their spiritual development. That is why I insist on at least ten minutes each day for family worship. Perhaps insist is the wrong word, for even Junior has not required any prodding since we adopted *The Secret Place* as our regular devotional guide. *The Secret Place* organizes daily worship, makes it meaningful and interesting. The capably prepared quarterly features a meditation each day completely different from those that come before and after. Each page opens to a bright, new adventure in Christian experience. We have tried other guides; but when we found *The Secret Place*, we had no wish to look further. We saw at once that it had that certain something.

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## a PARENT speaks



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